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JUNE 15, 1932

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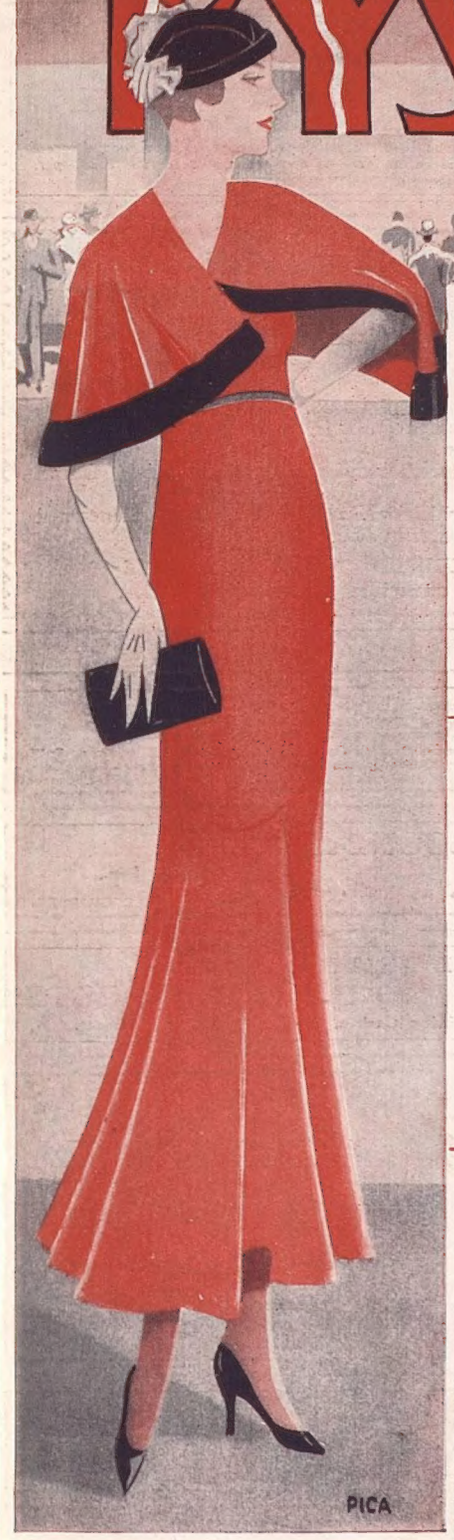
The BYSTANDER

1/-



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HOTELS

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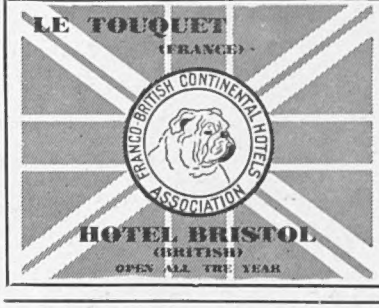

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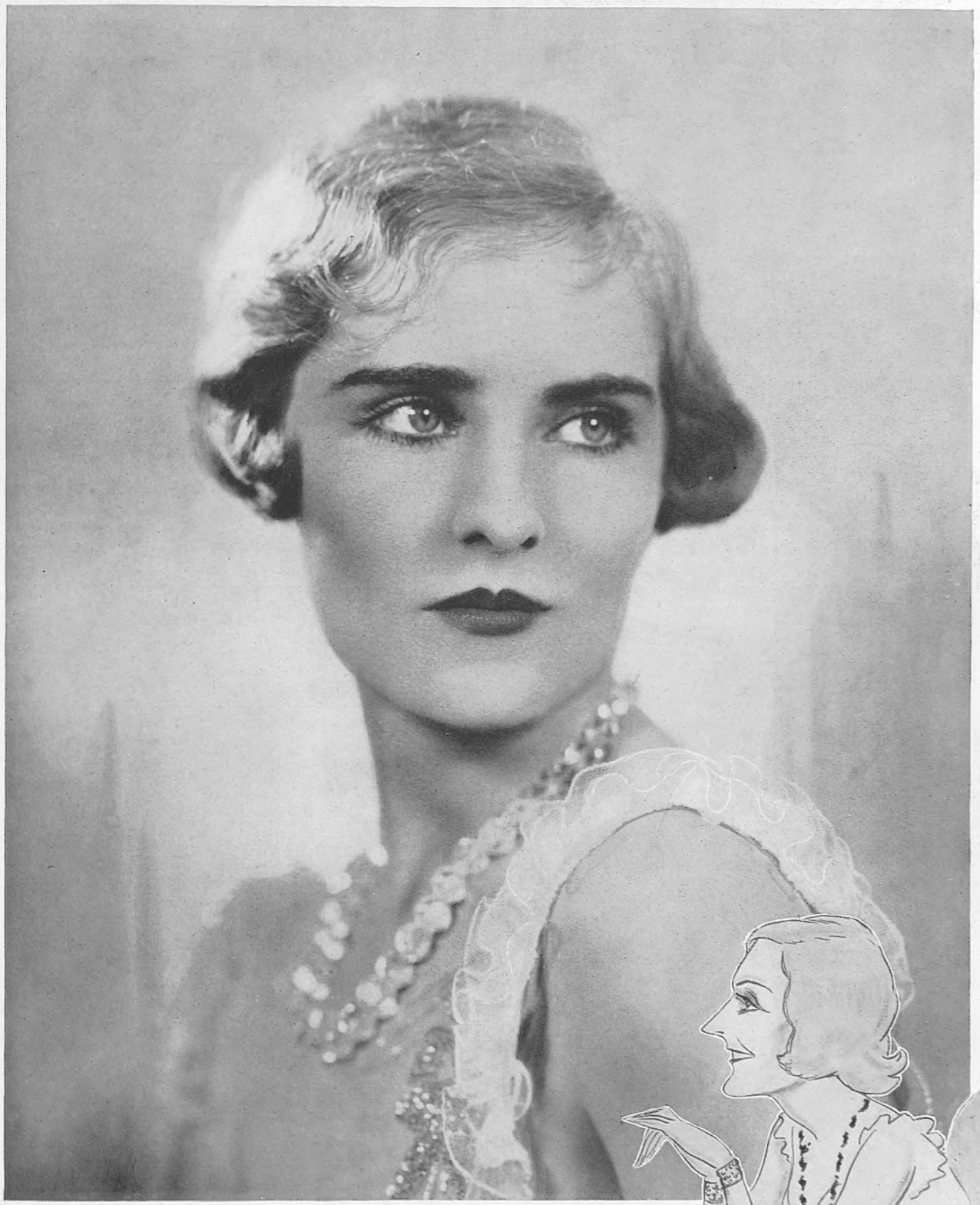


Sasha

THE LADY PLUNKET

A new portrait of Lady Plunket, and an impression of her by Rouson. Lady Plunket was Chairman of the ball in aid of the Marie Curie Hospital at Londonderry House last week, and was hostess to the Duke and Duchess of York for dinner before the dance

Wedding Bells

Miss Elizabeth Loeffler and Mr. John Musker

Right: Lord and Lady Lisburne leaving the church after the wedding of Mr. John Musker and Miss Elizabeth Loeffler

Below — Three of the guests at the wedding: Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson, Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, and Miss Baba Beaton

Mr. John Musker and Miss Elizabeth Loeffler after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. Miss Loeffler had six bridesmaids and two child attendants, all dressed in lily-white and carrying white bouquets

Above: Lady Bridgett Poulett, who was one of the six bridesmaids

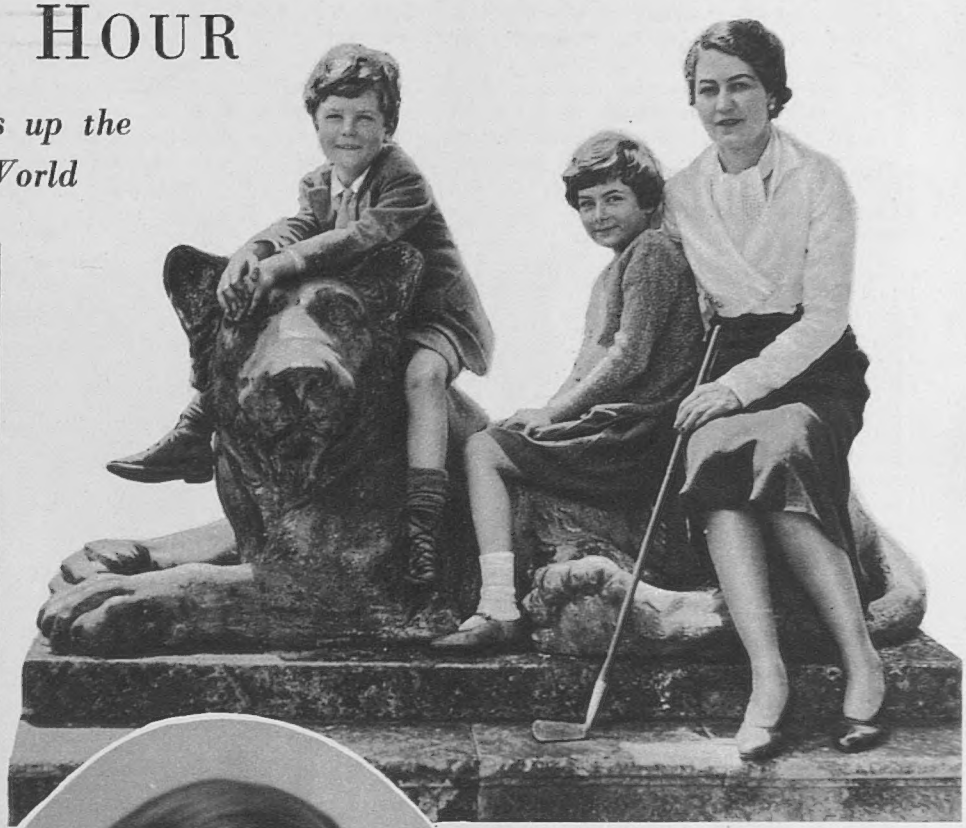
Left: Miss Vivien St. George, another bridesmaid, who was married next day to Mr. Alexander Stanley Clarke

Miss Betty Williams on her way to the reception, which was held at Colonel and Mrs. Gretton's house in Belgrave Square

The Passing Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Mr. C. R. McCausland, Irish Guards, and Miss Margaret Edgcumbe, of Aldenham Grange, Watford, leaving the church after their wedding at Aldenham last week



Lady Dashwood, with her elder son, Francis, and her eight-year-old daughter, photographed at West Wycombe Park

Lenare

Miss Merritt Jean Longsdon, who is engaged to Mr. Frederick F. G. Hennessy, Sir George and Lady Hennessy's second son. She is the daughter of the late Alfred A. Longsdon, and Mrs. Washington Singer

Ascot is here, and once again we wonder at some of the odd faces in the Royal Enclosure. Last year the new 'tote' in the paddock altered the appearance of everything. This year there are more changes, with a new stand at Tattersall's which enables one to see the racing from the betting ring. With so many maidens asking one at the last minute to put five shillings each way on their fancy, this is a great boon to obliging young men.

Let us hope that this afternoon will not be as black as it was a year or two ago, when our feet were drenched by that burst pipe in the Royal Enclosure and the bookmaker was killed by lightning. As to racing, I was told some week's ago by Miss Isobel McCreery to look out for her father's colt, Feroukh, in case he thought fit to run it over here. I pass on the tip.

Whether favourites at Ascot will be more successful this year than they have been in the past remains to be seen, but one can hardly coin money, as a rule, by backing the most-fancied horses at this meeting.

Lord and Lady Jersey are entertaining at Osterley this week, though it takes rather longer, I believe, to get from there to Ascot than it does from London. The Duke of Connaught has a party at Bagshot. Lord Derby is at Cowarth Park, Sunningdale, and, of course, the Yellow Earl and his Lady are at the Grange, with "Ali" Macintosh at Sunninghill Park. His guests include Lord Sefton and the Euan Wallaces. We shall also be seeing Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall debouching from Englemere.

Many roads in the West End have been in the hands of the road-menders for more than a fortnight, and seem likely to remain so for the rest of the season. Lord Lucan's household are sufferers, so are Colonel David Lynch's, and the Max Mullers and the Gerald Kelleys, and the Drury-Lowes will be getting it in the neck this week. This pneumatic-drill business is undoubtedly a confounded nuisance, particularly when insomnia is being induced at the cost of ratepayers' own pockets.

This has been a week tinged with smart theatrical affairs. At the Camargo first night, Lady Douro wore gilded finger-nails, and Cecil Beaton's

Unrecorded Sayings

of much-recorded People

"Eddie" Tatham, having borrowed our Candid Ear - Trumpet, reveals some astonishing results on pages 516 and 517

dulcet tones were heard in the interval, while "Puffin" Asquith, in penetrating tones, was discoursing on dancing. Prince George was jammed in the corridors, Gavin Henderson was thinking of his law exams., and Lady Joan Villiers made one of her rare appearances at a première, thus leading the way for her cousin, Lady Violet Pakenham, who went the following evening.

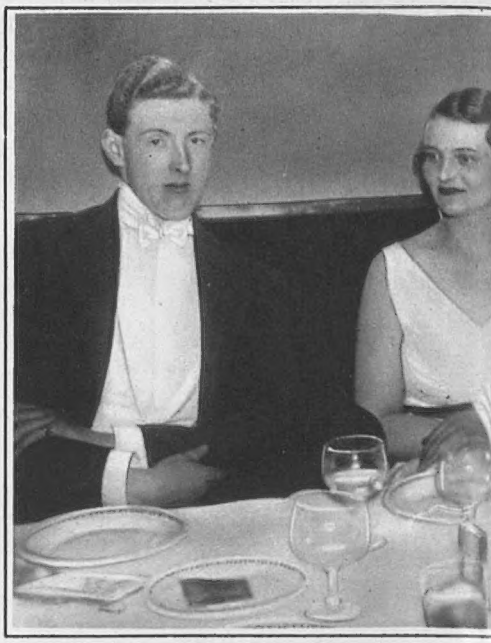
ONE disadvantage of ballet is that a large section of the audience thinks that there is no harm in arriving at least an hour late and treading on the toes of the punctual. I will not give names, but my little black book of regularly late arrivals is a mute testimony to what I and many others feel. One decorative young married couple is always late.

ANOTHER event was the Royal Matinée at Drury Lane, which was quite the best show of its kind that I have ever attended. Lady Sackville was largely responsible for its success, and started a fund for a cot in memory of the Lindbergh baby. McCormack sang wonderfully. So did Tauber. All the stars twinkled in *Shall We Join the Ladies?* including Gladys Cooper, who was nobly taking part in yet another charity matinée that afternoon, and was hoping to learn her part on the way in the taxi.

FRANCIS LISTER, whose divorce from Nora Swinburne will not be absolute until August, saw her for the first time for some months behind the scenes, for both were taking part in the show. Sir Gerald du Maurier made a very good butler, and Violet Loraine sang a number of old favourites to everybody's delight—with one exception. This was an old lady who was sitting in a box into which I was ushered by mistake.

The Fourth of June

Lady Pearson (Gladys Cooper) with her son, John Buckmaster, and daughter, Miss Joan Buckmaster, at Eton on the very cold Fourth



Four of the Eatwell Hounds

Audibly she commented that she could not understand how people applauded.

HER companion, as I could see, despite the half-light, was that rather formidable-looking woman, Mrs. Bossom. Hardly had I sat down when she said something about this being the Ambassadorial box, and disappeared. I soon found another, from which the sole occupant also departed. Altogether, I was very lucky,

Arriving at Cam House

Above: Capt. Tylden, Miss Byng, Mr. Dutton, and Miss Dutton arriving at Cam House for the reception after the wedding of Mr. A. F. Stanley-Clarke, 14/20th Hussars, and Miss Vivien St. George (seen on the right), which took place early last week

Mr. Alexander Stanley-Clarke and Miss Vivien St. George

The Eatwell Hounds met at the Mayfair, drew various homes and coverts for the courses of their dinner, and moved on to Quaglino's for their Hunt Ball. Above, the M.F.H., Miss Sybil Pitman, with two hounds, Mr. Douglas Brown and Mr. Flowerdew-Lowson, at Quaglino's

At the Opening Meet

Above, left: Mr. C. Collins, Miss Judith Moss, Miss Elaine Gattie, and Mr. Hugh Smyth, and right, Mr. North, Miss Billie Royds, Mr. Hazel, Miss Rosemary Villiers, Mr. Theo Drysdale, Mr. Wingfield, and Miss More-Molyneux at the opening meet of the Eatwell Hounds, who have invented a new kind of party

considering how full the rest of the theatre was. The auditorium, as one saw in the interval, was full of courteous programme-sellers with courtesy titles, such as Lady Elizabeth Percy, Lady Elizabeth Hare, and Lady Helen Primrose. Lord Rosebery was there, too.

I DID not go to Lady Plunkett's ball at Londonderry House. Three guineas is a lot of money for a single charity dance-ticket these days, however noble the cause and the house in which it takes place. But no doubt it was a great success, despite the fact that the "No Smoking" edict was not appreciated. Nor did I go on Clifford Whitley's Show Boat on Thursday, when it succeeded in leaving Westminster Pier for its first trip down-river and back.

(*Continued on page 511*)

The Hounds Eat Ice-Cream

Above: the Eatwell Hounds drawing a covert for ice-cream near Buckingham Palace, and, on the right, Miss Billie Royds taking charge of the ice-cream stall, which provided the last course of the progressive dinner before the Hunt Ball; each course was eaten in a different house

Photos by Owen

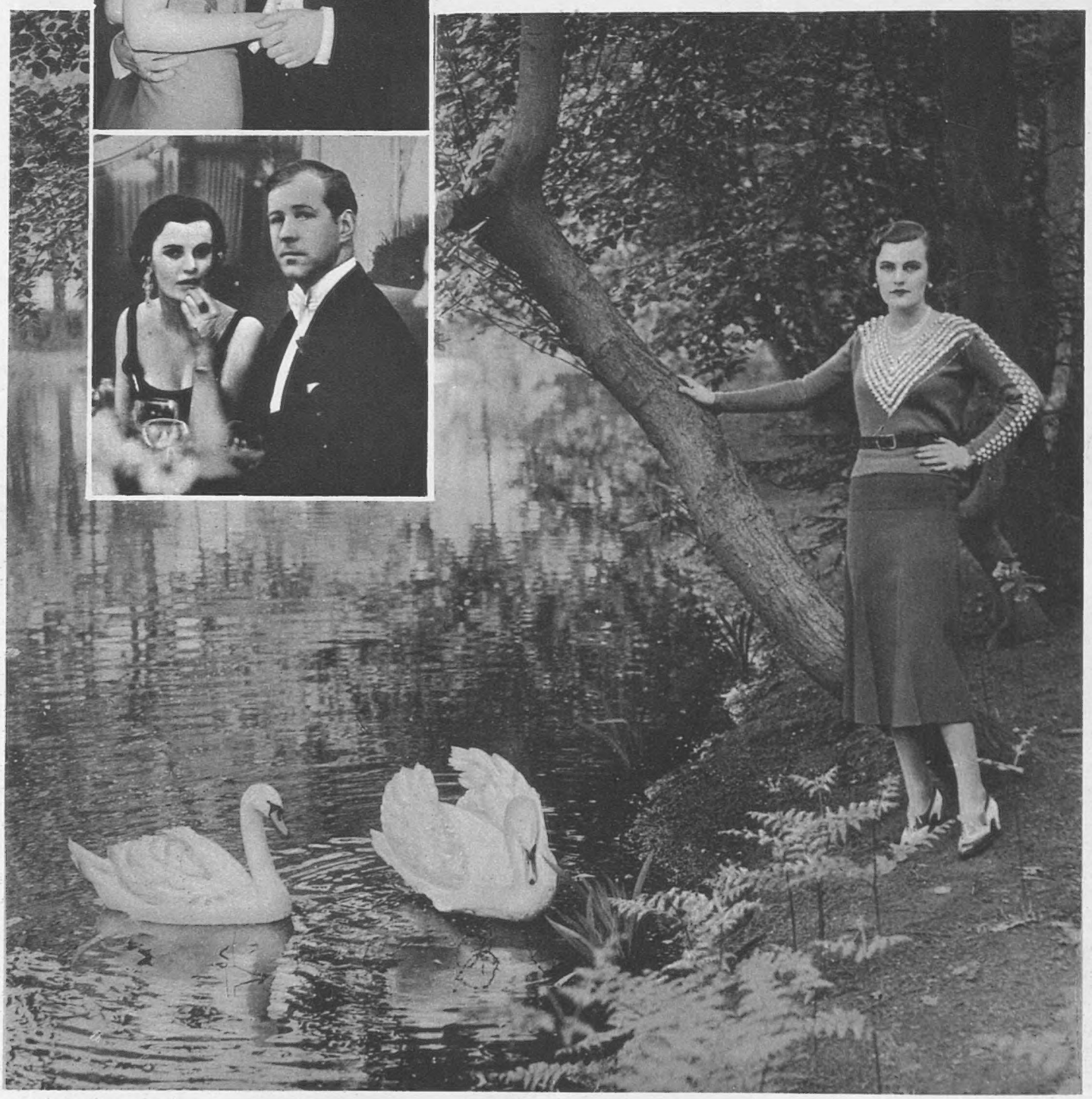
Miss Billie Royds's Eldorado

Far From the Madding Crowd

Miss Margaret Whigham Seeks Sylvan Solitude

Left: Miss Margaret Whigham dancing with the Hon. Max Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook's son, at the Carlton, and, below, Miss Margaret Whigham again, this time at the Café de Paris with Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, whose contributions to "The Bystander" add not a little to the joy of life

Saska



Swaebe

Miss Margaret Whigham is generally associated in the public mind with the nightly round of West-End gaieties, samples of which are inset above. But even the most active of the Bright Young People sometimes seeks solitude in the country, and she is seen above in a Leda—rather than a Lido-esque—environment at her parents' home at Ascot, where they are giving a house-party for the races, and where "the partners cease from troubling and trap-drummers are at rest"

At the Theatrical Garden-Party

Lady Moira Combe waiting for her children to return from the ice-cream stall

Miss Diane Maitland, a 1932 débutante, who is chaperoned by Mrs. Bulkeley-Johnson

Isabel Jeans, who made the soft-drink stall popular, even on that cold afternoon

The Church and the Turf supporting the Stage: Father Woodlock with Mr. Persse, the well-known trainer at Regent's Park

(Continued from page 509)

ONE of the cocktail parties of the week was given by Colonel Edward Johnstone, a Canadian, who lives in Stratton House. There I met Lady Phyllis Allen, who tells me that her brother, Lord Lovelace, who had beri-beri last year, is again ill.

I was particularly interested, as I had just met John Amery, the son of the former Cabinet Minister, who has recently returned from making a film with his assistance. They had an exciting time with snakes, aeroplanes, and natives, and even an arrest.

ANOTHER party was given by Nina Hamnett to celebrate the publication of her autobiography, *Laughing Torso*. This intrigued me, if only for the revelation that Beverley Nichols was once a private in the London Scottish. I knew he had been a cadet at Cambridge before going out to the United States on a peace mission. But that was all I knew of his war work.

OTHER parties of the week were a bottle affair given by Mr. David Rhys and Lady Joan Villiers; a sherry party "with pleasant things to eat," given by Mr. Shayle Gardiner; and a cocktail party given by Mr. Anthony Bradley "to take a glass of stimulant with some people in the talking-film business"; and a party given by David Tennant at which Black Wango was to meet the Panther of Doncaster at the Gargoyle Club—one of those dining-wrestling affairs.

At the Midleton Show in County Cork: Mr. Glen Browne, Miss Dorothy Musgrave, ex-M.F.H., and Miss Fredia Keane watching the jumping

"*Mouse*" By Mel

A caricature of Brig.-Gen. "Mouse" Tomkinson, who was one of the finest polo-players the Army ever produced, and now manager of the King's racing stables

THE Prince of Wales's handicap of eleven is now distinctly old-fashioned, and by his defeat of Mr. Victor Gordon-Lennox in the Parliamentary golf handicap, at Walton Heath, he has now got into the semi-final. Mr. Gordon-Lennox is the diarist of the *Daily Telegraph*, but with infinite discretion, he merely described himself as the only person privileged to watch the Prince play this match. He never disclosed that he was actually the opponent. Discreet anonymity could go no further.

IN the issue of May 11 I hinted that the pseudonym of "Barbara Rich," under which *No Decency Left* was published, concealed the identity of the author of a famous war book. I have received an intimation that this though correct is only half the truth, as "Barbara Rich" hides two identities, the other being Laura Riding. As collaborators are sometimes distinctly touchy, this, I hope, will satisfy everybody.

Hors d'Oeuvres

By
"Caviare"

Below: Miss Celia Palmer, daughter of the late Sir Arthur and Lady Power Palmer, and a sister of Mrs. Leger Livingstone-Learmonth

Right: Lady Londonderry, Sir R. Sykes, and Mrs. Corrigan snatching a meal in the short interval which was given during the performances of long operas at Covent Garden

Left: Lord Duncannon assists Constance Shotter with her make-up, previous to a May Week performance given by the Cambridge University Footlights D.C.

Miss Celia Palmer

MISS WINIFRED PAGET has an interesting face; it is more than pretty, it has unexpected charm. Miss Elizabeth Allan, the film actress, has the same attraction—one cannot help watching her; and Miss Sheila Berry has a fascination which is growing as she gets older. Stereotyped beauty can be very dull compared to these three.

THE Viscountess de Sibour, Mr. Gordon Selfridge's daughter, is distinguished-looking—a rare compliment these days; she also has a great sense of humour, and is quite without tiresome affectations. The feminine movement is making many women quite ridiculous; they have become so affected that it is quite impossible to talk to them.

MENTION of talking to women, how few listen to anything one says, or even pretend to concentrate. Lady Mary Lygon, however, is a good listener, and so is her cousin, Lady Alington. A recent bride, Mrs. Dewar, is a delightful person to talk to, and Lady Burney is a perfect companion.

THERE is a lot of speculation over the success of the recent elopement of a once famous beauty, and a young man who used to have political interests.

WE would all like to know what a young member of an American millionaire family is really up to.

GENERAL knowledge of Mayfair is useful. All social aspirants should be able to answer the following:

Who is "the Sleeping Bart?"
Who has a new emerald ring?
Who has a new solitaire diamond ring?
Whose baby is whose?
Why a young sportsman is depressed?
Why a fair, lovely young-married is unhappy?
Who a recent somewhat-criticised bride is in love with?

WHO has really good taste in decoration? Lady Portarlington's house is certainly lovely, but I hate to think what it must have cost. Mrs. Redmond MacGrath is making herself a perfect home in Grove End Road; she has the great art of making her house homely and beautiful. Mrs. Claude Leigh's new place is a little disappointing; she is so vivid and original, I expected something unusual. Mrs. Peter Horlick is sure to have an exciting residence; and I 'm looking forward to seeing Mrs. Stanley-Clarke's home on her return from her honeymoon.

DÉBUTANTES are decorating themselves too much. Miss Isobel Maclean wears too much jewellery—double-pearl earrings, bracelets, rings, and a brooch make too ornate a display. Lady Bridgett Poulett is so clever, she hardly ever festoons herself. Miss Margaret Whigham has set the fashion in long diamond earrings, now every young thing has them—"copy-cats," as we said at school!

ASCOT to-day! I suppose there will be the usual fancy-dress costumes. Miss Peggy Gordon More won the prize last year in white organdie, almost crinoline in width, trimmed with black velvet ribbons to match a black hat almost the size of a small umbrella, and black elbow-length gloves. Miss Margaret Whigham was a good runner-up in mauve taffeta, with boater-hat and muff to match.

BOATERS are hard to wear and look nice in. They suit one woman in a hundred, but the other ninety-nine feel they must be fashionable—so the onlooker suffers. Miss Margaret Bannerman looks lovely in hers, but another blonde, Lady Buchanan-Jardine, does not look her best. The Marchesa Malacrida looks smart, but I cannot bear Miss Jeanne Stourton in one.

THERE was a young and rather charming romance started at Lady Plunkett's Ball at Londonderry House. He is rich, good-looking—not very clever, but nice.

A BRAND-NEW peeress is being rather silly and very conspicuous over a charming older man whom we all like.

I FORGOT to give any marks last week, so there are two awards this. Firstly, Lady Lavery, for being original and yet distinguished in the choice of clothes; and secondly, Miss Dorothy Hyson, for being beautiful, a débutante, a hard worker, and devoted to her mother.

Queen Augusta Victoria and King Manoel, in the centre, with Sir Denison Ross, and Constance Duchess of Westminster, and, on the right, the Hon. Evan and Mrs. Morgan. Mrs. Morgan was Chairman of the Committee

The "Cavalcade" Ball

In Aid of the Disabled Officers' Garden Homes

Below:

(Top) Miss Nancy Beaton and her sister, Miss Baba Beaton, two of the programme-sellers at the ball

(Centre) Miss Mary Clare and Miss Una O'Connor, two of the twenty-four members of the "Cavalcade" Company who came to the dance in costume

(Bottom) The Hon. Eileen Brougham and Lord Poulett. The ball took place last week at the May Fair Hotel

Above, left: Lady Scone, Capt. and Mrs. Tomkin, and Lord Scone, M.P., at supper

Left:
Miss Pamela Nicholls and Mr. H. McGilgowny watching the cabaret performance

Photos by A. V. Swaebe

Unique Ascot: *Concerning the Racing, and other Remarks*

By "Regular"

THIS week the world and his wife will go to Ascot. Ascot is unique in this respect. One goes to all the other important places in life, such as Epsom, the Embassy, cocktail parties, and the Slip In, with somebody else's wife; but Ascot you go to with your own wife.

YES, with your little tickets, with your names on them, pinned on your breasts, you trip into the Royal Enclosure, the very soul of respectability. Your wife enters with the calm assurance of one who feels that she will be extremely unlucky if she does not always gain admittance. You, on the other hand, take a good look round at everything, thinking this may be the last time you will see it for some time, as your inevitable divorce will be a bar to your entering this holy of holies until such a time as Lord Churchill considers you have expiated your sin against society.

I HAVE only missed one day's racing at Ascot since the War, and that was the memorable day Irish Elegance won the Hunt Cup, and over the period of years must have consumed something like fifty bottles of champagne, half a ton of lobster, and twelve thousand strawberries.

By Mel

Prince Ali Khan

THE reason I missed a day was because the Commanding Officer of my regiment thought it would be a packet of fun if we played the Irish Guards at cricket that afternoon. Which reminds me that they do "monkey" you about in the Foot Guards, and I have heard of one company commander who has arranged a series of special training every morning of Ascot, so that the officers under him will be precious lucky if they get to Ascot in time to see the Royal Procession going home which, of course, will make the company commander extremely popular. Decent of him, isn't it?

Father and Son

H.H. the Aga Khan, and Prince Ali Khan, photographed at Epsom on Oaks Day. A caricature of the latter, by Mel, can be seen below on the left. He is the owner of Jackdaw the Second

EVERYBODY 's broke, but that depressing little fact won't stop us going to Ascot. In clothes they see no prospect of paying for, our "lovelies" will parade each day, while we shall all eat too much, drink too much, bet too much, and talk too much. But shall we enjoy ourselves? As the old-time jockey replied to the late Lord Durham, when his Lordship accused him of being drunk—"Not 'arf, m'Lord!"

ASCOT provides the finest racing in the world, but, of course, that fact only interests a very small minority. The rendezvous after the second race is always so much more important than the second race itself.

THE defeat of an odds-on favourite, costing backers thousands of pounds, is of trifling importance compared with the fact that that terribly attractive young man who said such divine things after his third glass of champagne at Lady B——'s dance last week, has never left the side of that too frightful woman all the afternoon.

WHO cares what will win the Gold Cup, when one is in an agony of suspense to know what Miss Margaret Whigham's Thursday frock will be like? If it 's up to last year's form (you remember it?—the mauve one with the muff) they might as well cut the Gold Cup out altogether, as nobody will bother to watch it.

TALKING of Miss Whigham, easily one of the brightest and best house-parties promises to be the one given by her father and mother for her at Queen's Hill, Ascot. Among her guests will be those two bold, bright Baronets, Sir Hugh Smiley and Sir Robert Throckmorton. Neither of these two ornamental young men can be described as a Regular, and Sir Robert, on his rare appearances on a racecourse, succeeds in producing "a late night at the Café de Paris" effect I find most exhilarating.

MR. JACK CLAYTON has succeeded the Rector of Stiffkey as the chief topic of conversation. Wherever one goes, one is regaled with stories of this fortunate and long-headed young man's winnings. The extraordinary part about these stories is that they are true. Mr. Clayton won a "bundle," and jolly good luck to him. To lay Orwell and back April the Fifth needs some pluck, and his crowning triumph was Gold Bridge, which must have been just about the biggest certainty Major "Vandy" Beatty has ever produced.

MR. "FLASH" KELLETT was another to enjoy a real "touch" over this one, and, judging by the earnest way Mrs. Beatty was talking to him just before this race, he should have had his boots on it. I wonder if the Ring will cry "Enough" to Mr. Clayton or will they encourage him to have another "cut" at them?

Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, the husband of Miss Frances Doble, the actress, strolling round the Paddock, at Epsom, with Mrs. Vivian Drury

Eric McRuvie is knocking the hills about in Scotland

Mr. Bookless is "cutting up" rough in the North Sea

L. G. Crawley is caning them right down the middle somewhere South

J. A. Stout and Tony Torrance are putting in a little pulling practice with the help of their partners

John de Forest and Eric Fiddian are quickly speeding up their game on the greens

Rex Hartley is busily training his hair for the happy day

Mr. Burke is doing his best in Ireland, while, on the left, Lister Hartley is just walking

BY H. H. HARRIS

The Walker Cup Players are now in Training!

"EDDIE" TATHAM reveals some UNRECORDED

DEAN INGE

"Life is just a bowl of cherries"

GANDHI

"Excuse my glove"

LADY ASTOR

"Thank you—not much soda, please"

MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM

"What is a gossip-writer?"

Caricatures by Tony Wyzard

SIR HENRY BIRKIN

"Motor-cars are such noisy things"

LORD TENNYSON

"You can always get me at Gunter's"

(Left) THE VISCOUNTESS CASTLEROSSE

"May I trouble you for the cruet?"

(Right) THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON

"I'm always in bed by ten."

SAYINGS of MUCH-RECORDED PEOPLE

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT

"I think mirrors so unlucky"

MR. CECIL BEATON

"Gee, kid! You're tough!"

THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD

"Sunday papers are too, too shy-making"

MRS. MEYRICK

"As I said to the Vicar . . ."

EITHER RUTHVEN TWIN

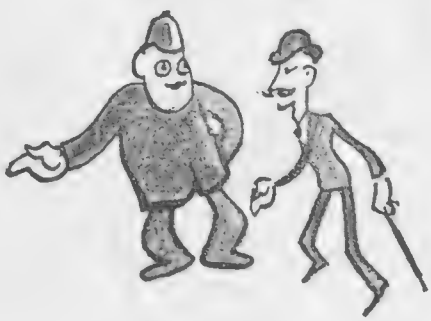
"I hate my sister's clothes"

THE EARL OF ROSSE

"I don't mind what I eat"

MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

"Words fail me"



THE EARL OF WARWICK

"Where is the Ritz?"

MADAME DE PEÑA

"Let's not have a party!"

The New Plays

"Casanova" puts the "Spec" in Spectacle

ONE ought, really, to float down Charing Cross Road in a gondola and a black mask, twanging an amorous guitar. This camouflage business might just as well go the whole hog and insist on the audience doing their bit along with the stonemasons and the carpenters. The spectacular drama is too lavish a megalomaniac these days to keep to the old limits. It flings its paint and plaster over the auditorium regardless of the good old theatrical rule which put the public's side of the footlights out of bounds.

ALL this window-dressing dazzles the eye and fills the simple mind with childish wonder. The appetite is primed for the scenic orgies that are to come. Illusion, the eternal quest and secret of the theatre, has begun to spell-bind its victims before the appointed hour. Carry the process a step further and the day is not far distant when every male spectator of *Cyrano* will be handed out a false nose with his programme; when a visit to the next revival of *The Miracle* will cost the management a small fortune in nun's veiling and rosaries. A painful vista down which flippancy need travel no further.

This invasion of the producer and his minions into the auditorium is a harmless diversion; but the novelty soon passes. Once you have walked through the Coliseum's passages and, finding yourself in the Tyrolean Alps, suppressed a desire to yodle, there is no virtue in traversing the same ground and discovering the cloakroom in the Doge's palace.

The simple fact remains, as Professor Ernst Stern doubtless knows, that the Illusion in any theatre is the curtain. It begins when the curtain rises; ends when the curtain falls.

"CASANOVA," at the Coliseum, is a chronic case of elephantiasis of the scenic organs. There are eight revolving stages and two sets of principals. Strictly speaking, there ought to be two sets of comedians. Douglas Wakefield, Jack Barty, Mary Lawson, Chuck O'Neil, and Billy Nelson are hard put to it amid the encircling vastness. The book, adapted by one German from two others and anglicised by Harry Graham, is hardly a riot of humour. All a low comedian can do is to work in such gags as he can invent or remember and, when those fail, fall heavily on the seat of his trousers.

Seen from the outskirts of the dress circle, the actors are pigmies; one needs both a telescope and an ear-trumpet. Distance lends enchantment to the view when that view is one of Professor Ernst Stern's masterpieces, but it makes the Germanic brand of broken English almost inaudible. Grete Natzler and Soffi Schonning are admirable singers, but why it should be necessary to import talent from the Continent when any competent home-grown actress with a voice would do just as well is something of a mystery. The Strauss music certainly requires well singing, but otherwise the parts are not particularly onerous. Dorothy Dickson, as the wife of the Russian Ambassador, has little to do, and Oriel Ross still less as the Empress Catherine. There is yet another disadvantage to the vastness of the arena: it blurs the contours of Douglas Wakefield's face. That face most definitely ought not to be blurred; nor should producers push on their funny men into the wide open spaces without giving them something to be funny about. Messrs. Wakefield, O'Neil and Nelson did an acrobatic dance in *Walk this Way* as a trio of inebriated sight-seers in a Paris night club. Possibly Producer Erik Charell saw this side-splitting piece of knockabout and determined to repeat it in *Casanova*. It duly took place as part of a pantomimic servants' ballet in a castle in Bohemia, where Jack Barty, as an Austrian colonel, extracted—brave soul—all the known humour from a gouty foot heavily swathed in bandages. But it was a case of Ichabod—the glory had departed.

Stage Photo Co.

"Casanova," at the Coliseum

Arthur Fear (as Casanova), who started life as a Welsh miner, with Grete Natzler (left) and Dorothy Dickson, as they appear in this spectacular musical play

ENOUGH has been said of the comedy. Little need be added concerning the story. As a romantic record of Casanova's wandering sex-appeal it is as dull and decorous as a mothers' meeting. Casanova himself, in the personage of Fernando Autori, emerges from it as an opera-singer with chivalrous instincts on his best behaviour. The romance is lost in the scenery, which so dominates actors and authors that Marie Löhr's feat of taking command of the situation and acting everyone else half-way down Whitehall is a feat doubly to be commended. Every syllable, spoken as befitted the Empress of all the Austrians, bounced off the back wall with crystal clarity. Acting and audibility will out, even in spectacular drama.

THE scenery, dresses, crowds, dwarfs, acrobats, dancers, ballet girls, gipsies, singers, animals—all that kolossal pageant of bedazzlement is beyond my powers of description. Seeing 's believing, and then only with difficulty. The orchestra wear the white wigs of Venetian gallants, and their platform is a lift which raises them to order in a body above stage-level. The final scene is a revolving panorama of Venice in which carnival crowds of revellers advance at the double over the bridges of the Grand Canal to the Rialto. Nothing more supremely spectacular or mechanically perfect has been done on the stage. This whirligig of surging crowds and towering palaces is a fitting climax to three hours of gargantuan lavishness. £40,000 seems an inadequate sum to pay for such splendour. I feel certain the estimate must be lacking in a couple of noughts.

THE moving stages transport us from Venice, darkly mysterious, to the gambling-room in the San Samuele Theatre, complete with ballet; to the gates of Tarragona, and a motley crowd of gipsies, tumblers and street singers; to somewhere in Spain where the processional honours are divided between a posse of nuns and an army of bull-fighters (next time, Mr. Charell must produce a herd of bulls and give us the fight as well—a sham one, of course); to the Empress Maria Theresa's state ball in Vienna; to the Empress Catherine's comic-opera bedroom, introducing Marianne Winkelstern, a charming prima ballerina, some Circassian dancers and a bevy of startled Borzois; to Bohemia via a gipsy camp; and so, at last, to Venice, whither Casanova returns without a stain on his character or anything to suggest the wholesale slaughter of feminine virtue.

TRINCULO.

Lady Morrison-Bell

A "Deb" and her Mother

Photographs by Lenare

Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell

Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell is the elder daughter of Sir Clive and Lady Morrison-Bell, and was presented this year at one of the May Courts. Sir Clive Morrison-Bell was Member of Parliament for a Devon division for 21 years, and he and Lady Morrison-Bell, who is Lord Powerscourt's sister, recently received a presentation from their constituents

THE WORLD of

Star Casts — The Treatment of Artistes — Elizabeth Allan — Unpopular Hollywood

ESTHER RALSTON, Conrad Veidt (the famous German star), Joan Barry, Harold Huth, Gordon Harker (the *Picture Stealer*), Cedric Hardwicke, Eliot Makeham, Muriel Aked—this reads like a Command Performance. In reality, it is the brilliant cast assembled by Gainsborough for their production of *Rome Express*. This company seems to specialise in all-star casts, for in their other current production, *Marry Me*, at the Islington Studios, they have Renate (*Sunshine Susie*) Muller, George Robey, Ian Hunter, Maurice Evans together in the one cast, and in the third production, which they are to tackle almost immediately, we will find Owen Nares and Jessie Matthews in partnership, with that clever little comedian Jerry Verno in close support (Albert de Courville directing).

I HEAR that there is a strong move on foot among film artistes to form some sort of equity which will ensure some restriction on their working hours. At present there is no sort of limit whatsoever to a working day in a film studio, except for the crowd and small-part artistes, who, just because they have been wise enough to stick out for their rights, are paid extra money if they are required to work for more than a certain number of hours per day. In the case of the bigger fry there are no such limits. One hears of case after case of artistes being called to the studio day after day to work at nine o'clock (which means getting there in the neighbourhood of eight in order to get made up, and that, in its turn, if one has to work at Elstree or Beaconsfield, means getting up at seven), and being kept until ten or eleven at night.

I don't mean that this happens occasionally. It occurs over and over again. And just because none of the artistes has ever really taken a stand against it, this sort of thing goes on and on. They don't get paid any extra for it. It just becomes a habit. Some companies are considerate; others aren't. Some, if they work their people late one night, don't call them until late on the following day; but others just don't have the slightest consideration and, by not having any, are bringing about a situation which, in the end, will cost them a vast amount of money, because they will find, all of a sudden, that the actors say (as they do in Hollywood) that their working day is to be so many hours and no more. And that will mean that they have to get a move on in the morning—and get things organised the night before.

THERE 's a lot to be said for Hollywood, after all—though people do say that things are terrible there, and that everybody is longing to come and work over here. The one thing that makes picture-making more or less a joy in that country is that things are so well *organised*, and that so much time is spent on *preparation* before the shooting of a picture is commenced that by the time one gets on the floor the whole thing is more or less cut and dried, and for that reason, if for no other, the artistes are not asked to work these terribly exacting hours. We have the artistes over here, and we have the directors—and we are making the pictures. But sometimes they are made with precious little preparation.

ELIZABETH ALLAN, probably our most promising young screen star, seems to be attracting

Adrianne Allen

Above: Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll in "The Man I Killed," the new Ernst Lubitsch film at the Carlton, the story of which is taken from a play of Maurice Rostand

Above: Adrianne Allen makes her screen début at Hollywood in "Merrily We Go to Hell," playing opposite Frederic March

Arlinne Judge on the pet turtle brought back by the "Bird of Paradise" company when they returned from making exterior scenes in Hawaii

the FILM

By Wilfred James

Right: Ruth Chatterton and George Brent in "The Rich Are Always With Us," an all-Society film which has just been put on at the New Gallery

Below, right: Janet Gaynor, who, for her part as the young wife in "The First Year," discarded her curls and adopted the original short shingle

The "Shingle" Again

Right: Greta Garbo has been working with Eric von Stroheim in a new film, "As You Desire Me." These two famous stars, who have never acted together before, should produce no ordinary picture

"As You Desire Me"

a good deal of attention over the other side. Probably it is *Service for Ladies* that has done it, because that picture, in which she leapt straight to stardom, has been extremely well received by the Big Boys—as, indeed, it should be. At any rate, Mr. Winfield Sheehan, the Big White Chief of Fox production, who is in Paris at the present time, has been getting all "hett-up" about young Miss Allan, and there have been frequent telephonic requests that she should go over to Paris to see him. This she was unable to do because she has been working night and day in *Insult* at the Paramount Studio, but she managed a meeting later.

I WONDER whether Hollywood, in spite of all this, is to-day the magnet it used to be to the budding young English artiste? In the old days it was the one word that spelt fame, fortune, and opportunity. But to-day, with the tremendous influx into this country of people from the film city, all ready, willing and eager to work here, and the many rumours of how bad things are over there, and how salaries are being cut and production curtailed, I imagine a Hollywood contract must need a good deal more careful thought than it would have, say, a year ago—especially as there is so much production here now that the more successful ones can keep in practically constant work at very satisfactory salaries. And that being so, why should they want to pack up and go to a strange land?

The "Young Marrieds"

No. 3.

Viscount and Viscountess Castlereagh

Lenare

Lady Castlereagh was Miss Romaine Combe, and married Lord Londonderry's only son last year. They are both intelligent and serious-minded young people, so Bright Mayfair does not see very much of them

Dorothy Wilding

Lenare

Viscount Castlereagh

If Gossip We Must . . .

A Bridge Problem—The B.B.C.'s Queer Taste—Theatrical Garden Party—Wareham Smith Spills Ink

WHEN most of us were children, and possibly when our grandfathers were children, we sang a song to the effect that "London Bridge has fallen down," followed by a reference to "fair ladies," though I do not know what either blondes or brunettes had got to do with the matter.

Now Waterloo Bridge is falling down—has been for years—and some old ladies, both in the House of Commons and the L.C.C., have been making a pretty hullabaloo about it. Though the decision of the House of Commons was only a temporary one, for the bridge cannot continue indefinitely in the patched-up condition in which it now is, it is to be welcomed.

We cannot afford Thames bridges just now. To put up a new one in place of the present Waterloo Bridge would cost about £1,300,000. To make the present bridge safe for democracy for a good many years to come will cost less than half that sum. Besides, a new, wider, more expensive and uglier bridge across the Thames at this point would not diminish the congestion of traffic in the Strand. It would make it infinitely worse.

Wet!

Tunbridge

Frequently Photographed

Sybille Jones, one of the "perfect ladies" who appear in the Salon of Madame de Sauterelle in "The Dubarry" at His Majesty's Theatre, must be hardened to the phrase "Will you kindly look pleasant, please?" for she is one of the most photographed of stage beauties

Dry, and—

Jack Buchanan, the popular actor, on holiday on the Riviera, makes enquiries as to the temperature of the water before venturing on a dip—and the answer being that it is warm enough to boil a lobster, he is seen below returning to Cap d'Antibes after testing the truth of the statement and being boiled like a lobster

So all this playing at Bridge has led, after all, to nothing but a decision to do practically nothing; no contract—not even an auction! That is the right policy when there is not the money to do it with. I trust the House of Commons will continue to veto sundry other schemes which are more costly and far less necessary.

By the way, the idea that there is anything peculiarly sacred about this bridge is just nonsense. Canova (not Casanova) was talking out of his hat when he called it "the noblest structure in the world." And it must have been pretty badly built to have started collapsing after about a century only. The Romans built bridges to last, and so, for that matter, did the Chinese.

THE B.B.C., thinking that something should be done to mark the approach of the peak of the London season, engaged Kapitanleutenant D. Joachim Breithaupt, who had been in command of one of the raiding Zeppelins during wartime, to tell Londoners what it feels like to drop death-dealing bombs on them.

No one could blame the Kapitanleutenant, who is doubtless a brave man. He dropped bombs because he had to, and he lectured on the process because he was given a British cheque. I am also aware that the war is over and that it is undesirable to go on for ever feeling enmity against those who, etc., etc., etc. Vide passim.

BUT forget and forgive and the public-school spirit carried to the *n*th degree is one thing, and dangerous imbecility is another. I would suggest that one of the numerous rooms in the nice new B.B.C. building in Portland Place should be fitted out as a padded cell to accommodate the individual

Joan Craven

Miss Joan Craven, who is holding this month an exhibition of modern photography as applied to advertising, at the Camera Club, 17, John Street, Adelphi

who invited the Kapitanleutenant to lecture.

And if that individual is lonely, accommodation might also be found there for the bright spirit who, a little time ago, allowed Father Ronnie Knox to tell the world over the wireless, by way of a joke, that revolution had broken out in London and that Communist crowds were sacking Downing Street. The two could then bash their hollow heads together to their hearts' content.

I am wondering what sort of reception Paris would give to a suggestion that the German gun-crew of "Big Bertha" should tell Parisians with what emotions they killed so many of them.

THERE are actors and actresses who rigidly refuse to have anything to do with that annual beanfeast, the Theatrical Garden Party, on the score that the dignity of the profession suffers when Miss This, of revue fame, hands a cup of tea with her own dainty

Part of the

THE Stage really put up a wonderful effort in difficult circumstances. It is not easy for even an actress of youth and beauty to look winsome in a chilly summer frock and with a blueish nose. But these "helpers"—and the wearers of helpers' badges seemed to be about 95 per cent. of the total population—worked with a will, and I only trust that plenty of money flowed into the coffers of the theatrical charity which this fête has for so many years been organised to support.

Stage Photo Co.

Not Quite the "Party" Spirit

Melodrama disturbs the even tenor of the laughs in Ivor Novello's "Party." The above scene shows the awful effect of a husband (Sebastian Shaw) being detected by his wife (Margaret Vines) kissing an old flame (Benita Hume), seen on the right. The wife, inert on the sofa, attempts to put an end to herself, but the more elderly actress (Lilian Braithwaite) has good reason for knowing that the attempt at suicide was but a futile one

fingers to all and sundry for sixpence, and when the brilliant tragedian, Mr. That, plays skittles with you or tosses you for a bottle of champagne.

There is something for that point of view. But not many can hold it nowadays, since I found it difficult not to see players of note at the Royal Botanic Gardens the other afternoon. In an east wind, and beneath a lowering grey sky which threatened rain, I was persuaded not only to buy an ice-cream but to consume it. Invitations to dance (at a price) with Miss Evelyn Laye in order to get warm again were refused on the grounds that warmth could be recovered (and was recovered) in a shorter time and at a cheaper rate at Laurence Anderson's or Ethel Levey's "speakeasy."

Janet Jevons

Phyllis Stanley

who performs a solo dance in "The Miracle," at the Lyceum Theatre. Only seventeen years of age, she also understudies Tilly Losch, who takes the part of the Nun

Stage Photo Co.

Party in Ivor Novello's "Party"

A scene from this amusing comedy, showing the audience, as well as the company on the stage, being entertained by Douglas Byng (centre). Sitting on the left are Elizabeth Pollock and Namara, who also entertain the guests, among whom are Joan Swinstead and Nancy Pawley, sitting in the foreground. Martin Lewis is in the right-hand corner, and Lilian Braithwaite can be detected lurking in the background before, herself, doing a turn in inimitable style

THE newspaper world has, ever since I can remember, been considered to be divided, like Gaul, into three parts: the Great Ones, the advertising men, and "the editorial." Of the Great Ones it would be sacrilege to speak. Of the other two groups, advertising men are people of push and go who have large motor-cars; the editorial side contains the poor wretches who are told that such meagre earnings as accrue to them are the result of the push and go in the advertisement department. Above all, it must never be allowed that an advertisement man can write.

This last point is now pushed silly by Mr. Wareham Smith, the superman among advertisement managers, who has not only written a book, but a good one, in *Spilt Ink*. Mr. Wareham Smith is a genial man whom I meet occasionally at luncheon parties. He knows a good deal about the inner workings of his profession and has some piquant things to say about Lord Northcliffe, with whom he was in close association. *Spilt Ink* will, however, interest the general public, for it is frank, well written and packed with news worth recording.

THE opera season could easily have lasted another month, so abundantly successful was it. But perhaps it was better to go steady and play for safety. It is now inconceivable that we shall be without a Grand Season next summer, as we very nearly were this. Covent Garden has not only had a musical triumph, but has been rescued from any possibility of a revival of the old accusations as to its audiences being dowdy and frumpish.

Tunbridge

Langham Productions Ltd.

The Hat Trick

Benita Hume, who, in addition to playing in "Party," is also engaged in starring in Langham Productions' "Men of Steel," is here seen wearing a sailor hat with an upturned brim which matches her black-and-white dotted scarf. The photograph above that of Benita Hume is that of Miss Sarah Sample in a page-boy hat which has also an unintentional touch of the domino about it

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Richardson, two of the most popular "young marrieds" in Paris. The photograph was taken in the garden of their cottage in Montparnasse. Mr. Richardson, a descendant of the novelist beloved of eighteenth-century young ladies, is an architect, and his wife was Miss Hope Livermore, of New York

Sasha

Josie Fearon

The well-known opera singer, who is appearing with Richard Tauber in "The Land of Smiles," which has been successfully revived at the Dominion Theatre for a short season

All the more expensive of the younger intelligentsia have turned up regularly, and of the others I have noticed with great frequency the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Lady Howe and her daughter, and all sorts of notables of various types.

ONE result of the early closing of Covent Garden has been a rush of much the same crowd to the Ballet season at the Savoy. This, at any rate on the first night, was rather like squeezing a gallon into a pint pot. The corridors in the intervals were packed tight, and a king and a royal prince were amiably buffeted about in the throng.

Berners, one of whose clever ballets is in the répertoire, was much to the fore, and the Duke of Marlborough, in one of the caped overcoats which, I believe, are coming into fashion again. Lady Lavery, Mrs. Peter Thursby, Lord Moore (a great enthusiast), Lady Cunard, and Mr. Saxton Noble, who resembles a diplomatist of the old school, had all given their support.

Motorist: "Before you begin, I'd better show you my little bit of trouble."

Mechanic: "Pleased to meet you, Madam."

NAUGHTY MR. MELLON

The Women's Christian Temperance Union Convention in New Orleans recently passed a resolution censuring Mr. Andrew Mellon, the United States Ambassador, for sipping whisky and soda in public places in London.

O SISTERS! Raise your hands on high
And roll the sanctimonious eye;
Come, one and all, and now decry
That execrable felon
America's Ambassador,
Who gives us reason to deplore
Because he dares sip Usquebaugh—
The naughty Mr. Mellon!

Do not be blinded by the fact
That Andrew may know how to act
With circumspection and with tact,
For now it's time our tribe all
Should rise as one and form a plan
Whereby we'll place a stringent ban
Upon that very wicked man
Who drinks the vicious "highball."

To duty we must not be blind,
And ours is clear, it is to mind
The private business of mankind,
So let us start to demon—
—strate now as one united band,
And purge the honour of our land
By taking steps right now to hand
To Mellon one large lemon!

B. W.

Why is it that ballet audiences scream much more loudly than opera audiences? Is it because, not a word having been uttered on the stage, their pent-up feelings are too much for them and they feel that they must make up for lost time?

Sitwells and Beatons were in full cry, and sibilant superlatives were screamed through the haze of tobacco smoke. The monocled Lord

Carol Goodner

The clever young actress who is making such a hit in "Musical Chairs," at the Criterion Theatre, is also filming and plays the leading rôle in "The Flying Squad," the new British Lion film just completed at Beaconsfield

Left: Leslie Burrows, a pupil of the famous German dancer, Mary Wigman, as she appears when performing one of her eccentric dances, entitled "Fear." The mask worn is her own design and make. She is to teach at the International Summer School of Dance to be held at Buxton this year

FEAR!

A Camera Study in the Bizarre of Leslie Burrows

Right: The dancer, Leslie Burrows, in a less fearsome pose than in the picture seen above. She is the first English girl to receive the diploma at Mary Wigman's Dresden Studio

Photographs by Sasha

Great Friends

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, whose fair, blue-eyed beauty is so typically English. Below is her friend, Miss Nell St. John Montague, the well-known clairvoyante, also famous for her inseparable black satin head-band and bunch of Flanders poppies

Bertram Park

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke

Sasha

Miss Nell St. John Montague

Below:
Viscountess Castlerosse, who is so well known that she needs no introduction to our readers, is often to be seen with Lady Alington (below right), who, before her marriage, was Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper and is at present working as a mannequin

Peter North

Viscountess Castlerosse

Hay Wrightson

Lady Alington

Lady

Dorothy Wilding

Lady Lindsay Hogg

Two friends who can meet only in their "time off" are Lady Lindsay-Hogg, better known to the general public as Frances Doble, who is at present in "While Parents Sleep," and Lady Eleanor Smith, the novelist. They are quite inseparable, and are often to be seen having supper together alone after the performance at the Royalty Theatre

"A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend life is too short."
—EMERSON

Lenare

ady Melchett

Bertram Park

Lady Eleanor Smith

Lady Melchett and her great friend, Lady Diana Gibb, have both been faithful to their own individual styles of hairdressing—Lady Melchett's mediæval-page "cut" framing her face, and Lady Diana Gibb's shingle, moulded to the line of her head. Lady Melchett's bizarre and original taste has many social disciples

Yevonde

Lady Diana Gibb

Peter North

Lady Milbanke

Lenare

Mrs. Peter Thursby

Two of London's most inseparable friends are Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Peter Thursby. Lady Milbanke married Sir John Milbanke in 1928, the same year as Mrs. Thursby, who was Miss Poppy Baring, married Mr. Peter Thursby. They are both keen racegoers, and equally enthusiastic supporters of the Embassy

Elwin Neame

A Recent Bride

Mrs. Woolf Barnato

Two new portraits of Mrs. Woolf Barnato, wife of Capt. Woolf Barnato (inset), who was one of the team that helped to bring Bentley cars to the front in the motor-racing world. Mrs. Barnato is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Quealy, of San Francisco; she was married to "Babe" Barnato in America early this year

The Social Climber

By the Hon. Patrick Balfour

"Mr. Paddington has ordered himself a new double-breasted dinner-jacket"

THE London season has begun, and Mr. Paddington has ordered himself a new double-breasted dinner-jacket. This is Mr. Paddington's climbing kit.

It is more informal and unconventional than the necessary uniform of ten years ago, when Society was neither. Besides, An Exalted Personage has been "seen" in a double-breasted dinner-jacket at no less a place than the Café de Paris, and there is always the chance of a chatty announcement that "Mr. 'Zips' Paddington, without whom no fashionable gathering is complete, is among the first to follow his Royal Highness's latest fashion. I noticed him at Quaglino's the other night in a wide-lapelled double-breasted dark-blue dinner-jacket."

IT is not merely his uniform but the whole of Mr. Paddington's profession that has altered materially in the last ten years. Social climbing used in itself to be a whole-time job. That is to say, the climber had ostensibly to be a man of leisure—and therefore wealth. He could not afford the necessity of earning his living. Any other sort of work was so much time wasted from the serious business of climbing the social mountain.

But to-day, Mr. Paddington finds that *a job* is one of the essentials of his climbing equipment. The easiest way to ascend the social mountain is by the professional route.

There were various climbing careers open to Mr. Paddington. The easiest would have been Parliament. But then, he hadn't the money. The social value of a penniless M.P. is small.

He could have pursued the literary route. This, up to a year or two ago, was infallible. But the experienced climbers to-day pronounce it a trifle hazardous. Quite as many people now climb out of Society by writing novels as formerly thus climbed into it. Writing a book has been found to be too easy. The process began with novelists turning Society people, but when Society people began to turn novelists, familiarity bred contempt. Still, if the so-called "fictitious" characters are easy enough to identify . . .

Mr. Paddington might have opened a shop. That is a good gambit, for each customer is a potential addition to your visiting list and you to his. But this is putting the coincidence of the professional and the social on too crude a footing.

ON the whole, I think Mr. Paddington chose the right course. What is his job? Well, one cannot rightly say. That is his strength. But he is always "busy."

He goes to the City a lot and always has the latest dope on the financial crisis. "Harry McGowan was telling me yesterday. . . ." he says. "When I saw 'Monty' Norman at lunch . . ." He has a finger in Fleet Street; the names, Max and Valentine pepper his conversation. He knows just how much advance Winston is getting on his next book—"He told me himself"—and the political world for him has no surnames.

In short, Mr. Paddington would have you believe that he is someone pretty important behind the scenes, and Lady Ginchester, to be on the safe side, asks him to (some of) her parties, just in case.

MR. PADDINGTON always was a last-minute man. He found that it paid to be the kind of person who wasn't too proud to be asked at a moment's notice. You see, it nearly always meant two invitations instead of none, because the conscience-stricken hostess would feel it incumbent on her to invite him properly to her next party on Thursday fortnight, to make up for her rudeness. Many is the dazzling social career, many the brilliant marriage fortuitously achieved by the last-minute man—or woman; how many of our duchesses . . .? But we must not get personal.

ANOTHER of his methods is to "catch 'em young." He visits the Universities and picks upon the scions of noble, political, or wealthy families while they are still young and impressionable. Thus, later, he gets in with the said families. He gets invited to stay by a Cabinet Minister on the strength of a gold cigarette-case given to his undergraduate son.

One of his favourite lines is to "discover" and "launch" someone. If the someone has a success, Mr. Paddington may gain a rung or two on the strength of their company. But all too often the someone, having climbed via Mr. Paddington's back, will reach many rungs above him and then kick the ladder and Mr. Paddington from beneath him.

POOR Mr. Paddington! He has had some good climbs in his day, but it is a fatiguing business, and his eyes have a haunted look, as if at any moment the rope would break, precipitating him into a crevasse. He will cling on to you or me as if we furnished a kind of rest-hut; or, to mix the metaphor, like a man playing rounders, straining at one post while he anxiously seeks an opportunity to make a dash for the next, towards the completion of the rounder which is his career.

Mr. Paddington has a roving eye When he talks to you, his gaze is always peering over your shoulder, as though he were afraid of seeing a wolf behind the window-pane. Actually, his terror is of missing a lion behind the sofa.

I THINK he is at his worst with Mr. Smarty. He and Mr. Smarty hate each other like a couple of wind-blown shingles; but neither dares to neglect the other's company, lest he steal a social march upon him. Divided they stand, regarding one another with ferocious suspicion and jealousy, the names of Emerald, Diana, Hazel, Juliet, dropping with elaborate unconcern from their lips.

Of course, the pathetic thing about Mr. Paddington—and, for the matter of that, about Mr. Smarty—is that, if he only knew it, that ladder of his leads nowhere at all. It is like the rope in the Indian trick. They recreate a highly subtle Proustian hierarchy of social worlds and sets and distinctions which exists nowhere to-day but in their own imagination.

They try much too hard.

For the fact of the matter is, social climbing in the 'thirties is quite hopelessly *démodé*—not to say superfluous. Society, you see, has climbed down.

"One of his favourite lines is to 'discover' and 'launch' someone"

Tooth and Claw

By Peter Raine

Illustrated by V. Lazzolo

FOR a civilised woman there can be little satisfaction in shooting her rival. Even as she presses the trigger she must know that the victim is saying to herself: "Poor Gertrude! She always was dumb, and now they 'll hang her."

If Mrs. Warrender had shot Mrs. Kent, no one in Dipalpur would have blamed her, but she was too level-headed to resort to so crude a method; her revenge was subtler than a bullet and quite as effective.

The trouble between the two women began almost with Mrs. Kent's arrival in the station. It rose out of something quite trivial—some question of a mali whom both claimed to have engaged; but it grew, as these Indian quarrels do grow, until the whole station rocked to the noise of it.

Mr. Warrender was Deputy Commissioner at Dipalpur; Captain Kent a mere captain in the Supply and Transport Corps. The advantage of rank, therefore, lay with Mrs. Warrender, but Mrs. Kent was freshly out from home and ten years younger, and this, later on, was to tell in her favour.

The battle of the tennis-court, when both ladies had booked the reserved court and arranged a tennis party on the same day, was won by Mrs. Warrender. Technically, she was in the wrong, for she had written her name under the wrong date, but the club secretary was her husband's assistant, which made it too easy for her. Mrs. Kent countered, not very originally, by luring Mrs. Warrender's khansamah from her and then bidding the senior lady to a dinner-party at which, inspired by undreamed of luxury of material, the faithless cook excelled himself. Mrs. Warrender won that round neatly by taking to her bed next day and allowing the station to understand quite clearly the cause of her indisposition.

"Poor Mrs. Kent!" she said to her visitors, "Someone really ought to warn her. I gave Antonio chance after chance before I dismissed him, but he 's hopeless."

These remarks, repeated to the infuriated Mrs. Kent by willing messengers, were probably the inspiration of that lady's next move—a direct attack on Mr. Warrender. From the very beginning she met with obvious success. Mr. Warrender, a large, bluff, hearty man, of simple mind and tastes, fell instantly and heavily. He was the only person in the station unaware that he served as a stick to beat his wife, and his simplicity was such that at first he even endeavoured to bring the two women together.

"I was talking to Mrs. Kent at the club this evening," he said one night.

"I saw you," said Mrs. Warrender shortly, without looking up from her book. Her sense of justice did not allow her to blame him unduly, but it is galling to see one's husband being made a fool of in front of the whole station.

"She 's a pleasant little woman," went on Mr. Warrender fatuously. "I think it 's a pity we don 't see more of her."

"I 'm sure it will be your own fault if you don't," said his wife, with a meaning that escaped him.

"I 'm sorry for her, you know. I 'm afraid she has rather a rotten time."

"Misunderstood?" asked Mrs. Warrender, and something warned even Mr. Warrender that the ice was thin.

"Well—er, I must say I don't think much of that fellow Kent. He spends all his time swilling in the bar."

"I 've noticed he 's well-trained," said Mrs. Warrender. "What do you want me to do, Jimmy?"

"Well, what about asking them to dinner?"

"Wouldn't a moonlight picnic at Yeshwantnagar suit you better?" suggested his wife, who had never learnt that sarcasm was wasted on Mr. Warrender.

"By Jove," he said, "that 's an idea! I 'm sick of dinner parties. We could take a gramophone and dance in the dâk bungalow."

"And sit on the bund," added Mrs. Warrender; but, after all, she had brought it on herself. So she sat down there and then to write the invitations for the next full moon. After that, affairs moved rapidly. People who try to explain these things might attribute Mr. Warrender's downfall to the contrast between the two women. Mrs. Warrender was dark and slim and cool, clean-cut in mind and body; she was not beautiful, but she had spirit: she carried her head as if she were proud of it. Mrs. Kent was fair and fluffy, untidy and shrill-voiced, yet with a commonplace prettiness that some men found attractive. She was apt to become girlish on the slightest provocation, and her success with the Deputy Commissioner went to her head. She began to order him about in public, and her affected laugh and artless prattle got badly on the station's nerves.

Public sympathy was wholly with Mrs. Warrender, but she gave no one an opening to condole with her. Mrs. Kent's methods were so crude that she could not pretend to ignore what was happening, but she did the next best thing, and adopted the indulgent attitude of a mother at a party, whose child is not behaving as well as it might. She remained as charming as ever to her husband, and polite to her rival. She even attempted to give Mrs. Kent some badly-needed advice about her clothes, and that, perhaps, was stupid of her. It may have led up to what happened next.

Possibly Captain Kent, who remains in the bar throughout this story, found that his club bill absorbed most of his pay. He may have given his wife as much as he could to spend on her clothes, but neither her allowance nor her indifferent taste enabled her to compete with Mrs. Warrender. True, her clothes made no difference so far as the Deputy Commissioner was concerned, for he was incapable of telling whether a woman was dressed by Chanel or by "Pansy," of Kensington High Street. But the disparity between her clothes and Mrs. Warrender's rankled in Mrs. Kent's envious little mind, and being thoroughly unscrupulous, she took the obvious way of levelling matters.

It was about a month before Christmas that the feminine half of the station noticed that Mrs. Kent's wardrobe had received one or two notable additions, and within twenty-four hours the source of her new splendour was common knowledge. Mrs. Warrender, who had a nice mind and did not gossip with her ayah, knew nothing of this piece of scandâl until it was forced on her notice by accident.

A fortnight before Christmas, Mr. Warrender went on tour, and a few days later his assistant, a shy and ingenuous youth, was shown into Mrs. Warrender's drawing-room bearing a large parcel.

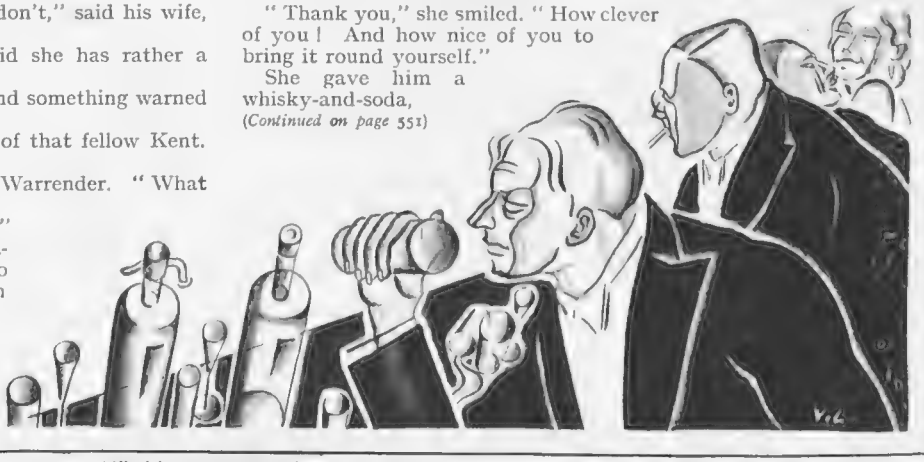
"Oh, good evening," he said. "This arrived at the office this morning addressed to your husband, but from the label I think it must be meant for you."

Mrs. Warrender took the parcel from him, and one glance revealed her husband's disloyalty. She was not such a fool as to imagine that, for the first time in his life, and unprompted, he had seen fit to order for her a Paris model.

"Thank you," she smiled. "How clever of you! And how nice of you to bring it round yourself."

She gave him a whisky-and-soda,

(*Continued on page 551*)



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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

ON the left Miss Bunting Stephenson is seen wearing a Mainbocher evening gown of white linen checked in coral and green stripes which comes from Kay Norton. Below she is seen in a lovely white organdie gown from Worth, which is patterned with large black roses.

Your Hat Should be Made of the

Yevonde

(Below, left)

A MOST becoming sports hat is made of satin and has a stitched brim which shades the eyes. It can be obtained in a wide range of colours, or can be made to order to match any dress. From Marshall and Snelgrove

(Below, right)

TO accompany a sports suit of jersey there is this attractive little turban, which can be draped on the head to suit the wearer. This may be obtained in many colours to match different costumes from Marshall and Snelgrove

ONE of the most practical whims of the moment decrees that your hat shall be made of the same material as your dress or costume—provided that the latter can be included in the "sports" category. Several charming examples of this fashion are illustrated on these two pages. In the photograph above, Miss Peggy Morris is seen in a coat and skirt of her own designing made of brown Irish flax linen which has a skirt of the same material flecked in brown and natural colour to resemble tweed. The jumper is crocheted in strands of natural colour flax. This costume can be obtained from Finnigans, who make, to accompany it, a hat of the same material as the skirt. There are several models from which to choose and the result is an ensemble which is most convincing, and also most practical. The seated figure is also wearing a Peggy Morris costume obtainable from Finnigans. It is of a royal blue woollen material, and has a very high-waisted corselette fastened in front with a round silver button of really gargantuan proportions. The short collarless coat fastens on to the same button, and with this is worn a becoming stitched hat of the blue woollen material. The sleeveless jumper of fine white wool is hand-worked in a conventional Irish crochet design.

Same Material as Your Costume

(*Top*)

WHITE linen cleverly cut and stitched makes the smart sports hat shown above. This is finished with a scarlet ribbon and bow and would be the perfect companion for a white tennis or beach dress. From Woodrow

(*Above*)

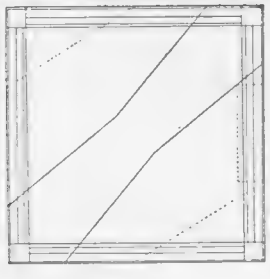
WELL-CUT tweeds deserve well-made hats to match, and the becoming shape sketched above can be carried out in the same material as your coat and skirt. It has a shallow crown and a moderately wide brim. Woodrow

Yevonde

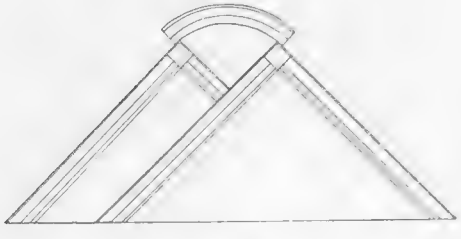
THE well-cut sports dress worn by the Countess de la Falaise in the photograph above is an excellent example of the simple but eminently smart type of sports costume which will be worn at most resorts this summer. It is carried out in a pale-blue cotton material and was one of the most admired of the Chanel models recently created from British materials. The wide stitched belt and huge square buckle are characteristic details of this season and form a strong contrast to the string belts of last year. With this dress is worn a hat made of the same material which has a wide brim of the dustman variety, stitched and stiffened, and a shallow crown trimmed with a bow of material. Several beach dresses of checked gingham have also been seen with their attendant hats, often of vast proportions, and many beach ensembles of brightly coloured jersey are accompanied by tiny caps of the same material whose mission in life is merely to keep one's hair in order, but which are provided with huge cartwheels of straw. These fit over the caps and combine to form a really efficient sun-hat.

A Handkerchief Blouse

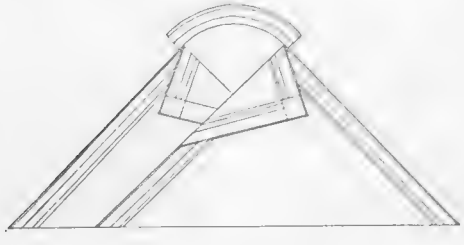
Horst, Paris



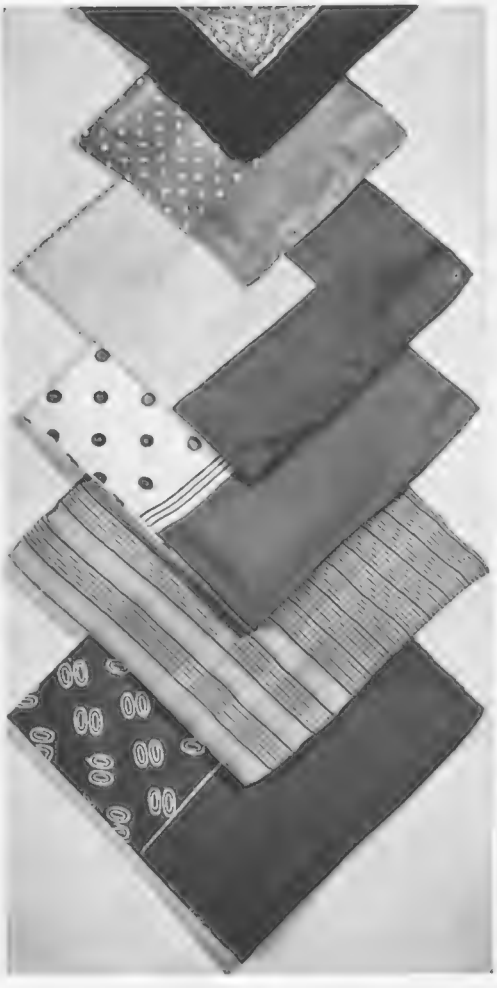
THE photograph above shows an amusing pyjama top made from two handkerchiefs of a nautical nature. The blouse is backless but is held in place by a strip across the nape of the neck



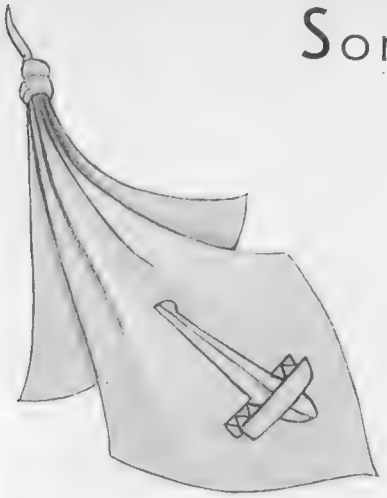
THE three diagrams on the left show two alternative methods of making the blouse. The sash, the revers and the strip across the back of the neck are made from the second handkerchief



ON the right are a collection of handkerchiefs suitable for the making of such a holiday garment. All these, spotted, striped, dotted and patterned, are made of silk and come from Liberty



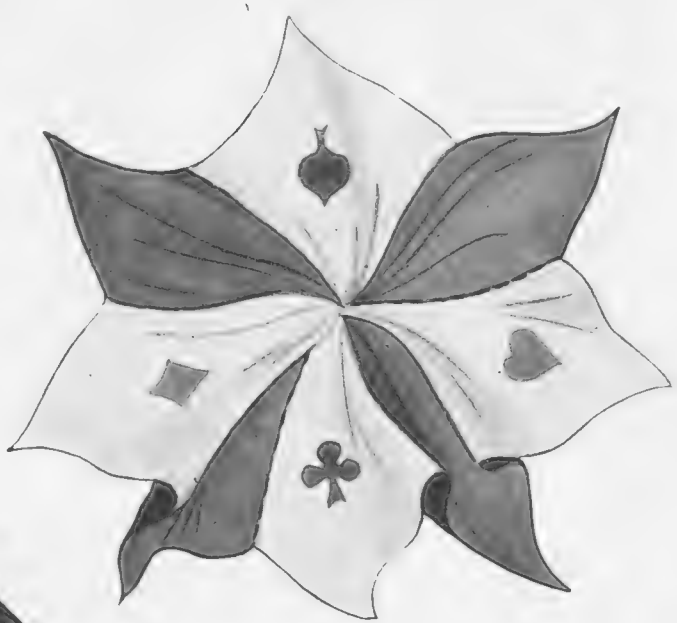
Some More Handkerchiefs



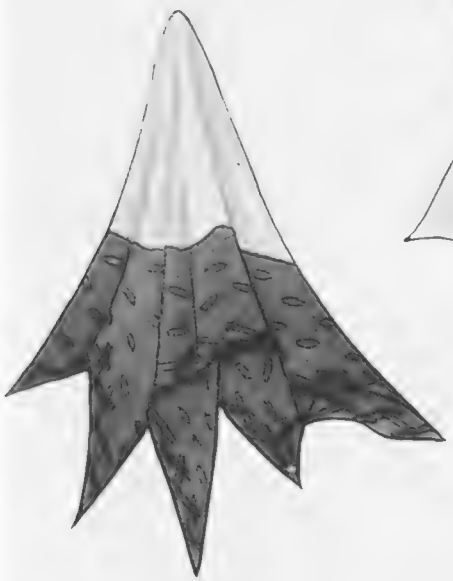
FOR the air-woman there is this chiffon handkerchief, in one corner of which an airplane is appliquéd

A HANDKERCHIEF for the snob is made of coloured silk and is patterned with a most decorative coat-of-arms

THIS large square of fine lawn patterned in a dozen brilliant colours would be ideal for the beach

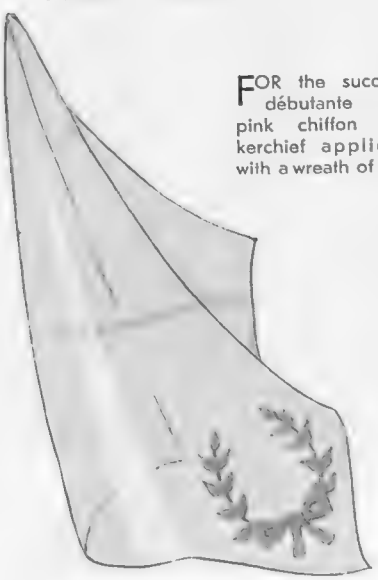


FOR the bridge player has been devised this eight-cornered chiffon handkerchief with appliquéd motifs

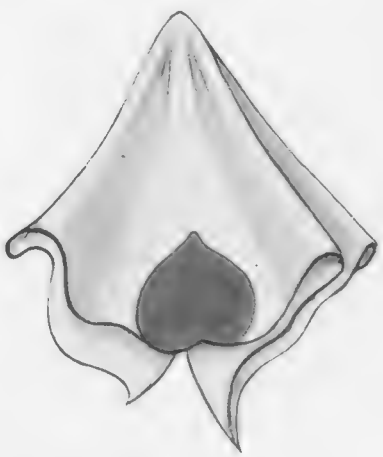


PALE-blue chiffon with a dark-blue border makes this six-cornered handkerchief

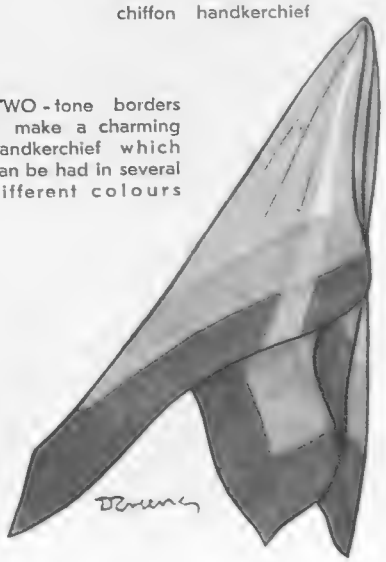
THE individualist can have her name printed to order in the corner of her chiffon handkerchief



FOR the successful débutante is a pink chiffon handkerchief appliquéd with a wreath of laurel

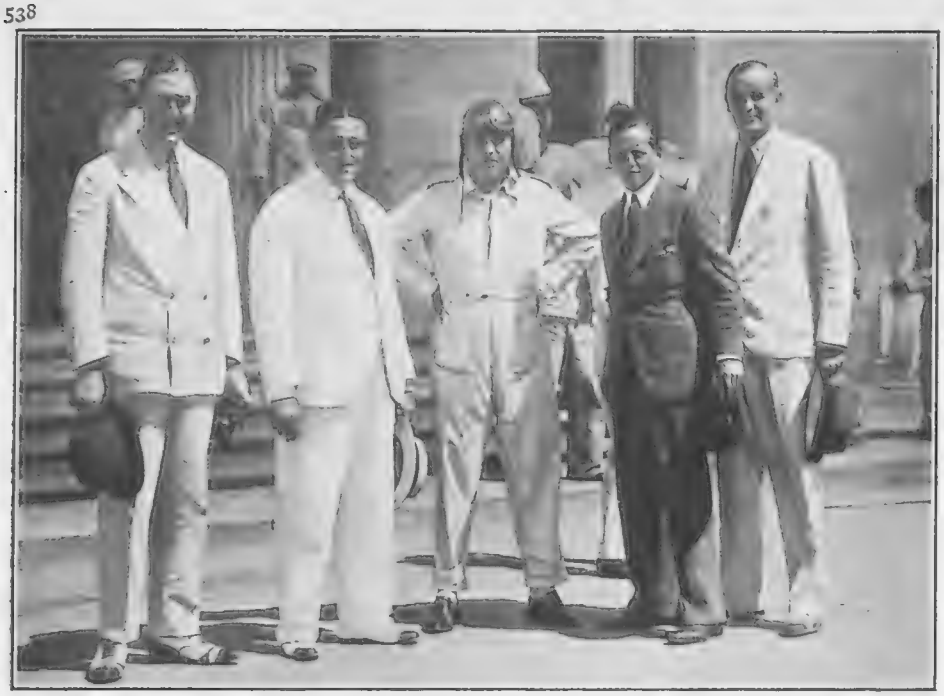


A SCARLET heart in one corner of a white chiffon handkerchief will help to keep lipstick marks invisible



TWO-tone borders make a charming handkerchief which can be had in several different colours

All the handkerchiefs sketched on this page come from Fortnum and Mason



At the Brazilian Navy's aerodrome of Galeao, Rio de Janeiro: From left to right—Mr. W. T. W. Ballantyne, de Havilland's manager for Latin America, Sr. Noronha, Major Muniz, Captain H. S. Broad, who has returned recently from Brazil after carrying out official acceptance trials of Moths ordered by the Government, and Mr. F. Whittle

Cities on the Air Map

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Airport Developments

On July 2, Portsmouth will be placed on the air map as a city with a fully licensed airport, the occasion being celebrated by a display in which Royal Air Force machines will take part. Arrangements for the day are in the hands of Squadron-Leader Burge, of Gale and Polden, and Capt. Rex Stocken, who is spending most of his time at Portsmouth, where enquiries should be addressed by those who want to arrive by air. There is to be night flying at Heston in future, the problem of floodlighting the aerodrome from a fixed point with one large unit having been solved by an ingenious device known as the Shadow-Bar. Numerous tests carried out recently have shown that a landing can be made directly into the main beam of the light without any danger from dazzle. Considerable economies in first cost and maintenance seem probable with this new system, one floodlight being ample for any normal aerodrome, mounted on or in front of the control tower, where supervision is easiest. A new aerodrome is to be built one mile east of Gravesend, on the route to Holland and Germany. Application will be made for Customs facilities, and it is proposed to establish an air-taxi rank and a club associated with the Brooklands School. Another convenience needed near London, is a licensed seaplane base adjacent to an aerodrome.

Free Tuition at Bristol

The Bristol and Wessex Club, whose Manager, Capt. L. P. Winters, is also in charge of the Municipal Airport, is offering two free flying scholarships, candidates to be selected from people living within a radius of thirty miles of the airport. Tests will be supervised by one of the Club instructors, and the two candidates who are successful will be given a complete course for an "A" licence. The list closes on June 30. The city of Bristol has published an interesting booklet on its airport, which is a Customs station, and one of the most progressive flying centres in the country. Airwork, of Heston, operates a service station and depot for private owners. Phillips and Powis, of Reading, has air-taxis available from 9d. a mile, and Norman Edgar distributes all the well-known makes of light 'planes on terms which include free tuition at the Club. An air-ferry service to Cardiff has been planned for this summer, which will bring South Wales within a few minutes of Bristol, instead of a matter of hours.

"Horatius," one of Imperial Airways' liners, landing at Heston with a full load of passengers on the occasion of Henlys' Rally for cars and aeroplanes. Henlys' maintain showrooms and a service station for the Avian and other light 'planes

The Ruling Prices

Those of us who anticipated that the first cost of machines would fall slightly this season have been disappointed, for the reason that sales, particularly to the Dominions and foreign countries, have fallen off badly. This is accounted for by the general lack of ready money and restrictive tariffs; not because flying itself has proved less useful. The De Havilland range of Moths starts at £695 for the Gipsy I., rising to £1180 for the Puss Moth saloon, while second-hand prices commence in the region of £350 and depend on the number of hours which the machine has flown and the renewal date for its C. of A. Messrs. Brian Lewis, who handle the Comper Swift, selling at £550, in addition to Moths, have been finding a good deal of business in second-hand machines of other types. The Bluebird at £595 is the cheapest of the two-seaters, followed by the Redwing at £660, the Spartan at £795, and the Avian Sports at £825, these prices being quoted in the Guild of Air Pilots' programme for the display held recently at Brooklands. A point of some interest to Clubs and private owners at the present time is the cost of petrol. Attempts have been made from time to time to secure some concession from the Government in respect of the tax, which undoubtedly retards flying activities, and it is not too much to hope that action will be taken if the price rises considerably.

For Services Rendered

In the recent Honours List, there are two names of especial interest to flying people, those of Mr. John D. Siddeley and Air-Commodore Kingsford-Smith. The former is the head of Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, a director of Air Service Training, and of the Armstrong-Whitworth concern which manufactures aircraft. The best-known of the early Siddeley engines was the "Puma," fitted to hundreds of D.H.9 machines during the war, and used for several years afterwards until the air-cooled series, of which the "Jaguar" is the most notable, came into service. Air-Commodore Kingsford-Smith has flights to his credit which have never been equalled. His flight across the Pacific in 1928 was a masterpiece of skill and careful organisation; the flight was extended at intervals on the same machine, the Southern Cross, until finally he had flown it round the world.

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

JUNE, 1932

11th to 20th inclusive

11th **Racing.** Chepstow, Pontefract, Gatwick and Lepardstown Meetings.
Athletics. North & Midlands District Championships. Welsh National Olympic Games (Llanelly).
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia) closes. Royal Horse Show (Richmond). Military Searchlight Tattoo (Aldershot). Leicester Agricultural Soc. (Leicester).
Polo. Junior Championship Final (Roehampton). Open Club Final (Ranelagh).
Cricket. Lancashire v. All India (Liverpool).

13th **Lawn Tennis.** Ulster Championships (Belfast). London Grass Court Championship (Queen's Club).
Polo. Ladies' Nomination Challenge Cup begins (Roehampton). Invitation Tournament (Ranelagh).

14th **Racing.** Ascot Meeting.
Shows. Military Searchlight Tattoo (Aldershot).
Lawn Tennis. Ulster Championships (Belfast). Open Tournament (Queen's Club).

15th **Racing.** Ascot Meeting. Royal Hunt Cup.
Shows. Military Searchlight Tattoo (Aldershot). Royal Norfolk Agric. (Norwich).
Lawn Tennis. Ulster Championships (Belfast). Open Tournament (Queen's Club).
Cricket. Essex v. Yorkshire (Leyton).

16th **Fishing.** Freshwater Fishing begins, England & Wales.
Racing. Ascot Meeting Gold Cup. Sligo Meeting.
Shows. Military Searchlight Tattoo (Aldershot). Royal Norfolk Agric. (Norwich)
Lawn Tennis. Ulster Championship (Belfast). Open Tournament (Queen's Club).

17th **Racing.** Ascot Meeting.
Shows. Military Searchlight Tattoo (Aldershot).

18th **Racing.** Windsor, Hamilton Park and Phœnix Park Meetings.
Shows. Military Searchlight Tattoo (Aldershot).
Motoring. Le Mans 24-hours race.
Athletics. Southern District Championships.
Polo. Ladies' Nomination Challenge Cup Final (Roehampton). Invitation Tournament Final (Ranelagh).
Cricket. Essex v. Oxford University (Leyton). Test Trial Match North v. South (Manchester). Worcestershire v. All India (Worcester). Sussex v. Cambridge University (Brighton).

20th **Racing.** Folkestone Meeting.
Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon).
Polo. Champion Cup begins (Hurlingham). Novice Cup (Ranelagh).

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Books of the Day

A Great Queen : Dress-Making Memories : By "Junius"

MR. GEORGE BUCKLE'S monumental task in editing Queen Victoria's letters and journal has come to a close with *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, 1886-1901 (Murray; 25*s*.). This is the third volume of the third series, and covers the years 1886-1901. The nine volumes of the *Letters*, which cover the whole of Queen Victoria's reign, will not only be an unassailable authority for future historians, but a mine of information.

Two points stand out in this last volume—Queen Victoria's amazing grasp of affairs, combined with her equally amazing industry, and her prophetic instinct that the death of the Emperor Frederick would ultimately plunge Europe into troubles and disasters.

History, too, will owe much to Mr. Buckle. The effect of the King's permission for the publication of the *Letters* is thus described by the first editors of the *Letters*, the late A. C. Benson and the second Lord Esher: "We would venture to believe that nothing could so deepen the personal devotion of the Empire to the memory of that great Queen, who ruled it so wisely and so long, as the gracious act of his Majesty the King in allowing the inner side of that noble life and career to be more clearly revealed to a nation whose devotion to their ancient liberties is inseparably connected with their loyalty to the Throne."

THE HEIRS TO THE HABSBURGS (Arrowsmith; 12*s*. 6*d*.), by G. E. R. Gedye, tells a very different story—the conditions into which the component countries of the old Austrian Empire have fallen since the War. Mr. Gedye writes with the authority of inside knowledge. In England, we are absolutely ignorant of the present state of affairs in Central Europe and the Danubian States. His book will repair that ignorance, and one would wish that the statesmen of the Great Powers would study it closely.

THERE 's a wealth of diversion in Lady Duff-Gordon's memoirs, *Discretions and Indiscretions* (Jarrolds; 18*s*.). Sister of Mrs. Elinor Glyn—whose photograph, huge-hatted and slim-waisted, at the time she wrote the forerunner of the modern sex-novel, *Three Weeks*, is among the many illustrations—Lady Duff-Gordon was likewise the forerunner of the lady dressmaker. She says: "I was one of the pioneers of my class to enter the business world."

She was Lucille, the dressmaker, famous in London, Paris, and New York, and dressed all the haut monde, from royalty downwards to American millionairesses, who thought nothing of spending £3000 on shoes in Paris before the War. Some of Lady Duff-Gordon's stories of rich women's expenditure on clothes, make you wonder if there isn't something in the Communistic point of view about the distribution of wealth.

But surely Lady Duff-Gordon must be mistaken when she says that the Princess Royal, before her marriage, had only £50 a year dress allowance, paid half-yearly in the spring and autumn? How could the Court dresses, and the dresses for the many functions at which she accompanied the King and Queen, be paid for out of £50 a year?

Evadne Price

The author of "Diary of a Redhaired Girl," which has just been published by John Long

I EXPECT there will be heated controversy in scientific circles over *The Mysterious Comet* (Rider; 10*s*. 6*d*.), by Comyns Beaumont. The book sweeps away all the accepted ideas about volcanoes. Mr. Beaumont's belief is that, actually, there are no volcanoes; that what the world for centuries has been taught to believe are volcanoes are the resting-places of meteorites which have fallen from the sky. Sunk into the earth, these meteorites are quiescent. But they attract other meteorites, and the fusion of the two causes what are known as "volcanic eruptions."

I cannot pretend to any scientific knowledge, but I have been enthralled by Mr. Beaumont's book, and I 'm sure he is the first person who has traced the seismic troubles in volcanic regions to the sky instead of to the bowels of the earth, whence we have all believed they emanated in their devastation. I wonder what the scientists will say?

MYSELF, I can see no reason why *Lady Caroline Lamb* (Gollancz; 10*s*. 6*d*.), by Elizabeth Jenkins, was written. Anybody with a knowledge of history knows that she was what we now call a border-line case, yet Miss Jenkins says, "I dislike the people who dislike my heroine, and I have gladly adduced such facts as I have been able to find to the discredit of Lady Melbourne and Lady Palmerston." This statement alone places her book outside serious consideration.

Lady Caroline, daughter of Lord Bessborough, and niece of the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, married William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne, and Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister. She was not normal. She made no secret that Lord Byron was her lover. On many occasions she behaved like an hysterical kitchen-maid, and her vulgar quarrels with her long-suffering husband were one of the *bonnes-bouches* for the gossips of her time. So, why trouble to write a whole book about a woman who never did anything except be tiresome and unbalanced?

I CAN recommend these books for your library list:

All Out (Cassell; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by the Earl of Cottenham. A pleasant love-story with a thrilling account of a Grand Prix motor-race.

Five Dead Men (Stanley Paul; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Anthony Skene, who is a genius in creating mysteries and thrills.

Pawns (Hutchinson; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by A. Hamilton Gibbs. High and unexpected romance, with a shy English schoolmaster and a French girl as the chief actors.

The Greek Coffin Mystery (Gollancz; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Ellery Queen. The best detective-story of this publishing season.

In Confidence (Hutchinson; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by E. W. Savi, who, in using a garden-city as her background, has given us a modern *Cranford*.

The Lilac Troll (Alston Rivers; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by R. V. C. Bodley. Most original, and with an unexpected ending. Mr. Bodley excels in his descriptions of Algeria.

The Soldier and the Gentlewoman (Gollancz; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Hilda Vaughan. An engrossing study of a woman who murders her husband in order to preserve the family estate and fortune for her two boys.

Old Wine and New (Cassell; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Warwick Deeping, whose novels always give the impression that they are actual happenings in everyday life. This book is no exception. It is real life from cover to cover.

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Howard Marshall on CRICKET

Sweaters in evidence when Barling (Surrey), batting, was missed in the slips by L. G. Crawley, at Leyton, when Essex played Surrey, the latter winning by 9 wickets

"A Cold June"

I HOPE it does not seem amiss to adapt Mr. G. K. Chesterton's superb "Song Against Songs" for the purpose of remarking that—

The song of the batting of Middlesex is a weary song and a dreary song;
The glory of Lancashire's attack has gone into great decay.

If this is unduly depressing, I apologise, but plead as justification the opening day of the match between Middlesex and Lancashire at Lord's. Here, on the easiest of wickets, we saw Hearne take five hours to get 143 not out, a grim sight, and we saw a Lancashire attack which did not include a single bowler worthy to be mentioned in the same breath as the great McDonald or burly Dick Tyldesley.

How Lancashire are missing these two stalwarts, and what a glorious bowler McDonald was four or five years ago! He had all the qualities which Hodgson lacks, and Hodgson is supposed to be his successor as the Lancashire speed merchant.

Hodgson, incidentally, is by no means a bad bowler, but there is none of McDonald's fire and fury about him, and he has not the supple wrist which gives kick and venom to the ball when it touches the ground. A useful, hard-working slinger is Hodgson, but I doubt whether he will ever be more than that.

And what about Sibbles, who has made such a name for himself this season? Well, Sibbles sends down his fast-medium stuff with a pleasantly easy action, but he is one of those bowlers who must have the right kind of wicket if they are to be really effective. I hope, however, that we may see him again next Saturday (June 18), when the North play the South in a Test Trial match at Old Trafford.

POSSIBLY, by the time this article appears, the teams for this match will have been published, but, in the meanwhile, I may as well amuse myself with a little amateur team selection. When we consider a representative South side, the problem of captaincy crops up at once, for D. R. Jardine and A. P. F. Chapman are both available. I should let Jardine take charge in this game, if only that we might have a chance of judging again how he handles his men on a big occasion. To open the innings we might try G. T. S. Stevens, on recent form, and Arnold, of Hampshire, with A. M. Crawley, Hammond, Jardine, Ames, and Chapman to follow. Then I think G. O. Allen is worth a place, for if he fails with the ball he comes off with the bat, and R. W. V. Robins must be included. So must F. R. Brown, as a spin bowler, if he has sufficiently recovered from his strain which prevented him bowling for Surrey in Essex's second innings at Leyton, when Surrey skittled out the opposition, thanks to Allom and Fender. Tate, too, is a most obvious choice.

"And Then There Were Two"

Left: Sibbles, the Lancashire bowler, dismissed for a "duck" by G. O. Allen, who sent his middle stump flying in the Middlesex v. Lancashire match at Lord's

HERE we have five bowlers, ranging in pace from fast to slow spinners, a batting side, in which every man has made a hundred in first-class cricket, and an excellent wicket-keeper. There are obvious omissions—Hobbs, for example, and the incomparable Woolley, and Freeman, but this trial is taking place to select a Test team, with the M.C.C. Australian tour in mind. Duleepsinhji is omitted because he will not play for England against All-India, and I have suggested A. M. Crawley in place of such an admirably consistent player as O'Connor, of Essex, because I think Crawley might do well in Australia.

NOW for the North team, and at once Sutcliffe and Paynter, the Lancashire left-hander, suggest themselves as an opening pair. Equally quickly, some Notts enthusiast will nudge me in the ribs and say: "What about young Keeton, eh?" Well, Keeton has certainly earned a place in the North side, but he 'll have to come lower in the batting order, and so will Bakewell, who also should have a trial. R. E. S. Wyatt, I think, gets in as Captain, rather than A. W. Carr, mainly because he is younger, and I still have a fancy for Leyland as an all-rounder, though he has not yet returned to form.

If we wish to strengthen the batting, there are players like Iddon and Tyldesley to be considered, but in the meanwhile the bowling is something of a problem. Larwood and Voce we must have, and Verity, of course, and possibly Sibbles, though this leaves Bowes and Perks out of the picture, as well as spin-bowlers like Mitchell and Paine. Still, I must be firm and choose my side, so here goes—Sutcliffe, Paynter, R. E. S. Wyatt, Keeton, Bakewell, Leyland, Larwood, Voce, Sibbles, Verity, Duckworth. A useful team, I think, though the Selectors may choose very differently.

THE Selectors, indeed, have many difficulties ahead of them before they can decide upon a representative English team, and I don't wish to appear pessimistic when I say that cricket at the moment is at a low ebb. There are hardly any great fast bowlers playing, simply because the professional finds that he can last longer as a bowler of slow or medium pace. The number of amateurs is decreasing rapidly, and this is bad for the game, though it can only be checked by some most unlikely change in the economic situation.

It would, in fact, be possible to work ourselves into a pretty morbid state of mind, but my own brand of pessimism has its limits. It stops short of thinking that cricket is doomed, or any nonsense of that sort, particularly when I remember that lack of sunshine is at the root of most of our troubles. Give us the genial sun again, and money will roll into the county coffers, and our batsmen will vindicate themselves. We have great players with us still—did you see Hammond's glorious hundred against Middlesex?—and when All-India challenge England, I 'm willing to bet that there will not be many vacant seats at Lord's.

PAYNTER must be an absolute certainty for the North team after his fine showing for Lancashire against Middlesex, at Lord's. His first knock was nothing to enthuse about, but in the second innings, when the County Palatine had its back to the wall, he nearly saved the situation. If ever a man deserved a century, Paynter did, and his ninety-eight runs were made when wickets were falling at the other end, a test of batsmanship far more severe than when everything in the garden is lovely, and light-hearted batting can be indulged in. He should be Sutcliffe's partner to open the innings.

IN AND OUT OF TOWN

Close-ups in the Social Roundabout

Miss Winifred Shotter, the well-known actress, photographed with her husband, Lieut.-Col. M. A. Green, at Portsmouth, when he was playing for the "Incognito" team against the R.N. and R.M.

Above: At the dress rehearsal for the Golden Holiday Ball which takes place next week: the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Cripps, Chairman of the Ball Committee, Miss Molly Lipscombe, Miss Penelope Dudley-Ward, Chairman of the Girls' Committee, Mrs. Eric Kidman, Mrs. G. Northcote Crisford, and Miss Barbara Joseph

Above: Lady Dalrymple and Mr. Kingsley Scott with Bonny Tyneside. The latter was a prize in a raffle at the Derby Night charity ball at the Dorchester, and Mr. Kingsley Scott became the dog's new owner

Right: Lady Stavordale and the Hon. Mrs. R. G. Hardy among the many spectators at the Richmond Royal Horse Show

Major Barrett and Lady Harrington caught by the camera at Newbury Races last week

Miss Sylvia de Regis Oliviera, Miss Penelope Packe, Miss Ursula Packe, Miss Avrilda Bridges, Miss Jacqueline Castellani, and Mrs. Maxwell Chance, who are taking part in the Bathing and Sun-Bathing Scene in the Golden Holiday Ball, which takes place on June 23 at the Park Lane Hotel in aid of the Golden Square Throat Hospital

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF

British Open Golf Championship at Prince's

The British Open Golf Championship at Prince's

THE lot of a writer on the game of golf is, at least during the competitive season, a very hard one. When competitions are not taking place with the regularity which I have previously described on this page as monotonous, then one can lead one's readers to such enchanting thoughts as putting lapses, habitual hooking, or the eternal slice. These three misfortunes, and, indeed, all other faults in golf, are each a subject in themselves, and are for ever topical, since we who play the game of golf are constantly succumbing to one or the other; and it is always interesting to know what some other poor boob has done in order to rid himself of the nuisance. Hope, so I have been told, springs eternal, and I have never yet been able to resist some new cure which somebody has suggested to me with sufficient conviction and authority in his voice. I have gone so far, in fact, as not to look at the ball at all during the stroke!—merely because I misunderstood the kindly criticism of one very good golfer. And I am not alone in at least trying out any and every cure, no matter how ridiculous, which is suggested to me.

BUT the writer on golf during the competitive season is faced—if, as I must, he has to write for a weekly journal—with the extremely difficult problem of whether to write about that event which has just passed, and which, by the time the paper appears, will probably be stale news, or that event which is just about to take place, and which will not be finished by the latest possible moment at which the copy must be delivered to the printers. The Prince of golf correspondents complains bitterly on this very subject in a recent article in *Country Life*; so bitterly, in fact, that he expresses a grave doubt about whether the printers will agree to print his copy. They must be meditating some other dire revenge, however, for they have set the type exactly as he wrote his words.

In his case he was complaining about his inability to write on the subject of the Ladies' International Match. My difficulty this week concerns the ladies also, for their Championship has just been played at Saunton, and yet, by the time these words reach my readers the result will be more than ten days old. On the other hand, if I venture to embark upon a dissertation on the subject of the Open Golf Championship, the qualifying rounds of which are just about to be played on Prince's and St. George's at Sandwich, I shall be doing that most dangerous of all things, prophesying about a result which my reader will already know. There will be no loophole for escape whatsoever. What I have said I will have to stick to, and that is the sort of prediction of which I frankly disapprove.

HOWEVER, a few straightforward words on Miss Enid Wilson's great victory at Saunton may not be lacking in interest, and I must let the Open Championship take care of itself.

In the first place, the ladies have retained their Championship for Great Britain, and never yet has an American invader succeeded in returning with the ladies' crown. True, the ladies have not managed to keep their Cup within these shores on every occasion, for it has crossed the Channel to France; but still, our friendly enemies from America, who have had such a remarkable success both in men's and women's golf in this country, are still without that Cup. We must, therefore, when we meet a lady golfer, still raise our hats; for the inclination has returned since Saunton, even though it did leave us after Wentworth. If only they had won at Wentworth too, then we might still be offering them our seats in the Underground.

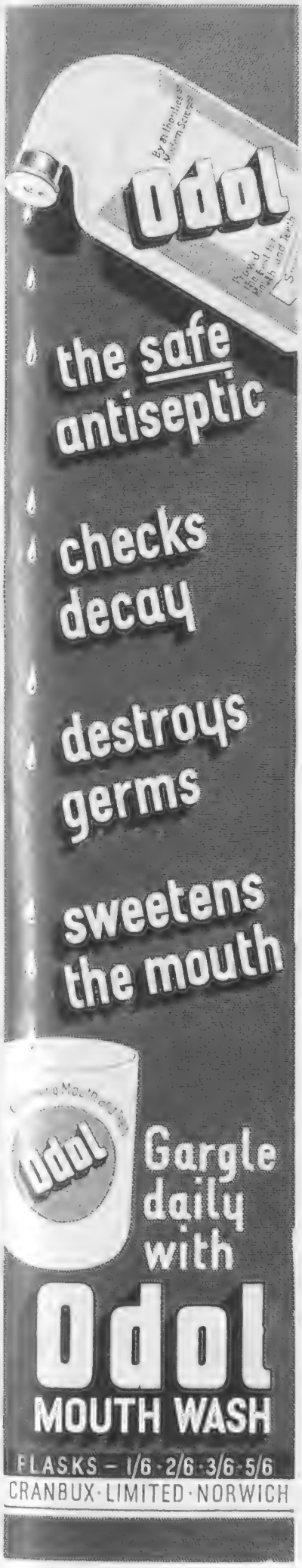
Gene Sarazen (Lakeville, U.S.A.) driving from the first tee in the qualifying round. He went round with Bert Gadd, who returned a score of 78, while the American took 73

E. A. McRuvie, the Scottish Walker Cup amateur, who broke the record for the course with a score of 69 in the second qualifying round of the British Open Golf Championship, at Sandwich

OF the American challenge at Saunton, Mrs. Cheney, who played last of the American team, managed to reach the last four, and did considerably better than any of her compatriots. She achieved this success because of very steady play. Mrs. Cheney is not long, but she is very straight, and she suffered in comparison with nobody when near the green. Playing against Miss Wilson in the semi-final, she was out-driven by many yards, and in the long game frankly outplayed, yet her cunning accuracy in the short game made up for her lack of length and enabled her to take Miss Wilson to the sixteenth green, even though that young lady was at her best. Mrs. Cheney has every reason to be proud of herself.

MISS VIRGINIA VAN WIE, of whom I expected great things, did extraordinarily well, and lost a very close match beyond the regulation eighteen holes. Far be it from me to suggest that I ever want to see Miss Virginia van Wie beaten, excepting when she is playing in this country, when patriotic fervour makes me very frightened of her undoubted abilities.

OF Miss Enid Wilson's performance in winning the Championship for the second successive year, I find it difficult to write. Difficult, chiefly, because all those others who write on the subject of golf have said before me what I should like to say, and, without using the superlative language of the cinema publicity agent, it would be difficult to differ from them without making Miss Wilson feel sick. Let me, however, put it on record that it is the opinion of very many first-class golfers that Miss Wilson not only deserved to win, but is, bar Miss Joyce Wethered, the finest lady golfer in the country.



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Manual by Gerard Fairlie — Tattooing by H. H. Harris

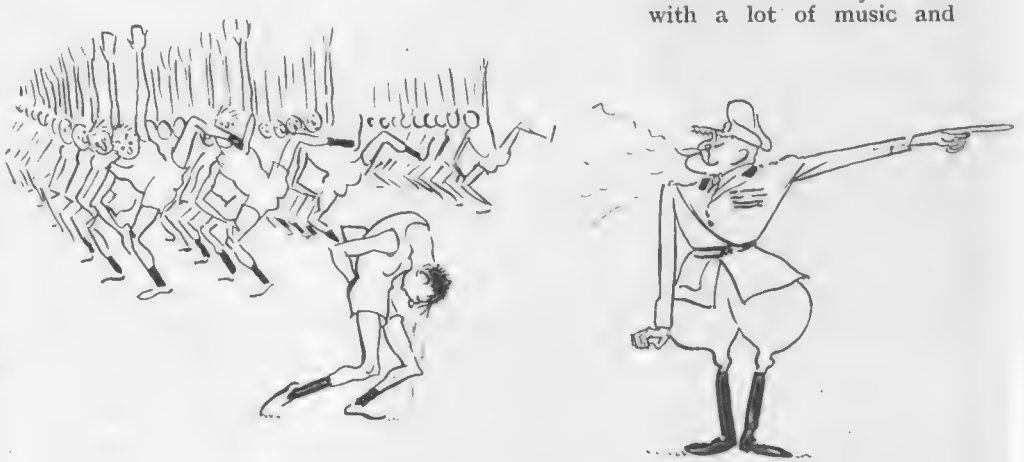
IT is, I am afraid, an indisputable fact that Harris was asked to the Dress Rehearsal of the Aldershot Command Searchlight Tattoo. When I received my invitation, I did not know that Harris and fifty thousand children had been also issued with invitations: I thought it was a personal honour. However, when I saw Harris there, I realised the truth; shortly afterwards, I saw a lollipop, closely followed by the first of the children and losing weight in the process. After that I saw five soldiers, one resplendently red General, four soldiers, one gorgeously gold General, fifty thousand lollipops, fifty thousand children, two more soldiers, and an absolutely almighty General with both red and gold laid on.

Everything has become frightfully Aldershot down Aldershot way

After Harris had said he didn't expect to see me there, we found our way to the places which a kind Command had reserved for us, and I sat back and collected my thoughts, which had got a bit lost with the lollipops. "It is indeed a happy augury," I said to Harris, "that as the Aldershot Tattoo is being presented, with its deep, stirring motif of 'The Flag and Empire,' preparations are being completed for one of the most momentous conferences in the history of the British Empire—that at Ottawa. Items in the Tattoo Programme depict in vivid pageantry many of the glorious episodes which have gone to build up our great Empire. That is of the past. The future of the Empire is being largely planned by responsible statesmen . . ."

"Look here," said Harris, "that 's not your stuff at all. You can't write that sort of thing, or where do I come in? Except, perhaps, to draw a responsible statesman . . . What is a responsible statesman, anyway?"

I looked at him coldly, and said he evidently didn't buy British, and, apart from that, I was only reading the foreword to the programme.



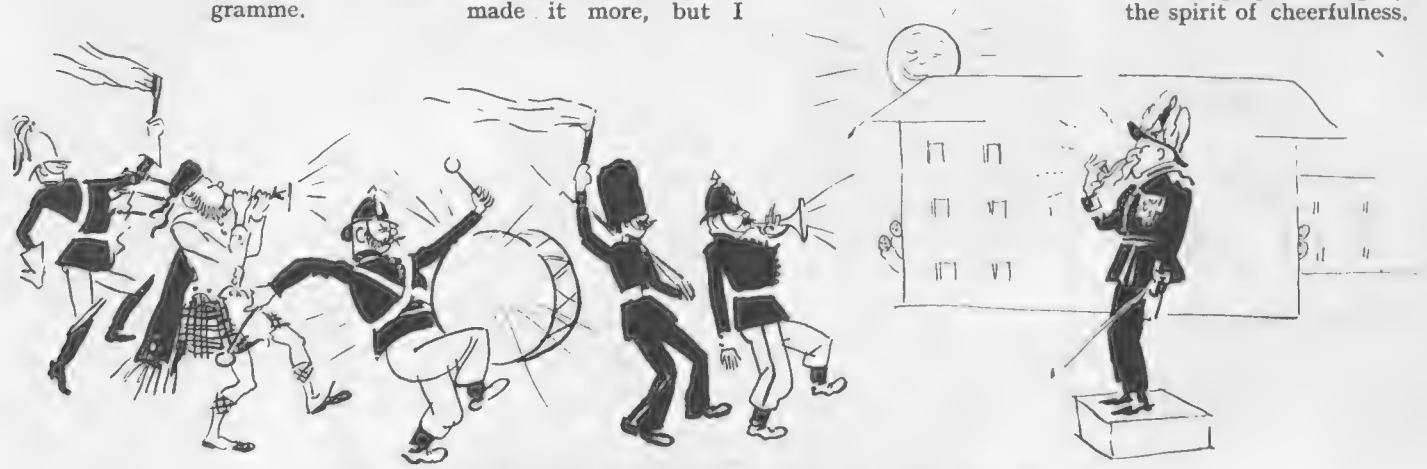
"Sent Down!"; or the soldier who got out of step during the massed physical drill display

After we 'd settled our difference with a couple of children, or lollipops, whichever was the biggest portion of the mess, Harris said, "Look!" and I looked.

A FLAGSTAFF flying the Union Jack was in position in the centre of the arena. A detachment of the Toronto Regiment of Canada marched to a position behind it and did things with rifles, whilst one hundred and eight buglers (Harris made it more, but I preferred to trust the programme) sounded the "Retreat." This Canadian detachment has come voluntarily from Toronto to take part in the Tattoo, the cost of transport having been subscribed privately in Canada.

The Royal Horse Artillery then gave a display. They made twelve guns, each weighing thirty-three cwts., most awfully giddy. Harris asked what a cwt. was, and I was practically cornered, when the massed drums and fifes of the Aldershot Command came to my rescue with a lot of music and counter-marching. They marched first, of course, in order to be able to countermarch.

AFTER that, we had a very concentrated ten minutes, occupied by four hundred and eighty officers and other ranks from the second Battalions of the King's Regiment and the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment. The programme said they entered the arena singing to exemplify the spirit of cheerfulness.



Please remember that the Tattoo was started pre-war in a very small way

The surrender of the three [W. G.] Graces, and others not playing cricket, after the battle of Aldershot-cum-Inkerman, with a Bells of Sebastopol setting

All they were missing was a bath each. They then ran about in long lines, and with no decided preference for direction, until they all lined up and did a daily dozen to the tune of the "Skye Boat Song" and "Down at the old Bull and Bush."

Then came the Massed Mounted Bands, accompanied by the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, who were keen on jumping. During the ride the thirty-two horses jumped one thousand five hundred and thirty-six times. I thought I'd better be quite certain of this, so I didn't trust the programme, but counted them myself. Harris said that worked out at forty-eight per horse.

THERE was a lot more of bands then, culminating in a magnificent display of Highland dancing. The Gordon Highlanders supplied the dancers, and they all seemed to be enjoying themselves quite as much as the fifty thousand children enjoyed watching them. Harris said that if it didn't mean a kilt he'd like to try. I just said "piobaireachd" to him, and he didn't speak again for some time. Neither did I: my tongue went on strike.

Then we got to the big stuff. The Battle of Inkerman was refought for us in four scenes.

In the first scene we saw pickets of the Grenadier Guards and the Green Howards bivouacking in total ignorance of the impending Russian attack. Harris said he didn't know you could bivouac without beer, but as the troops hadn't got it he supposed you must be able to. While he was speaking, on came the Russians.

THE authorities at Aldershot have decided that, however Prohibitionist you may be in a bivouac, you certainly can't be Russians without beards. There is no question, either, that the beard trade must be very fond of the authorities at Aldershot. The beards outnumbered the Grenadier Guards and the Green Howards by about ten to one, but didn't seem to realise it, which was silly, because they only had to look at their programmes and read the story to know that they were going to win Scene 1. They did win Scene 1.

They very nearly won Scene 2, which may best be described as a disputed verdict on points. All this time they were still about ten to one greater in numbers, because the men who had been killed in Scene 1 fell down very well, without displacing their beards, and were still Russians when they got up at the end of the scene.

SCENE 3 was full of excitement. Stretching across the centre of the arena was a breastwork that had been thrown up across one of the roads leading up to the Inkerman Heights. Before Harris could ask about it, I told him that the road and the Inkerman Heights were imaginary. The East Lancashire Regiment and about ten bearded regiments advance simultaneously towards it. The brave boys from the North manage to hold the breastwork, and lots of reinforcements are seen approaching. These are attacked by a troop of Cossacks, who are repulsed, in spite of suffering no loss (I suppose it is impossible to "die" off a horse at full gallop), and the battle is won. By this time, so hectic has been the struggle, the opposing troops are of about equal numbers. For one thing, a lot of Zouaves have arrived, and, for another, some of those rubber bayonets have removed some of the beards.

Finally, Scene 4 reproduces Lady Butler's famous picture, "The Roll Call." Harris and I were both deeply affected.

THEN came the Flag and Empire. The prologue took the form of a march past of famous characters, such as St. George for England, Oliver Cromwell for the Sunday Cinema Bill, Lord Nelson for Civil Disobedience, Cecil Rhodes for Blues, but not (as Leslie Henson said) King's Cross for Scotland.

AFTER that, Captain Cook landed in Australia with remarkable ease, and converted some natives with no trouble at all. Then a group of early settlers in Canada had a rotten time with hostile Red Indians, but these, in turn, had a rotten time with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. And, finally, poor Major Wilson got caught by a Matabele impi.

HARRIS and I left Rushmore Arena with swinging arms, puffed-out chests, and a glow of pride pleasantly colouring our faces. Had we been a few years younger we should have felt like enlisting straight away. We felt really proud of being British, which is exactly what the Aldershot Tattoo always does for you, in spite of what all the politicians do to you. It wasn't until I saw another lollipop that I came back to earth.

Captain Cook and his merry men, after an extremely bloody fight, go all native

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary by

"Mark Over"

Right: R. M. N. Tisdall, one of the greatest of living athletes, in action in the 440 yards hurdles at Croke Park

Olympic Trials in Dublin

Right: Miss Helen Jacobs, one of the American Wightman Cup team, who will also play in the Championships, knocking up at Wimbledon

The Champion of the Courts

Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody caught in a Pavlova-like attitude at the All-England Club, Wimbledon, when indulging in a knock-up with Maskell, the famous professional, to get accustomed to a grass court

Mr. John Donait, head waiter at the Kit-Cat, who has won all these prizes for walking in the intervals allowed him after working twelve hours a day at that restaurant. If all waiters were as fast as he, a meal would be finished as soon as it was begun

WITH Ascot week, we reach the most exquisite phase of summer, and of all race-meetings, Ascot appeals to me most. It is not entirely the decorative ladies, charming though they are, who give colour to the meeting, but the setting of the course in the lovely Berkshire pine country, and a peculiarly rich quality of enjoyment which seems to spread from the Royal Enclosure to the cheerful crowd on the heath.

I spent part of last Gold Cup day with Edgar Wallace, and I still remember his excitement as Trimdon came away to win the big race by inches from Singapore. It is sad indeed to think that he will not be there to-morrow, when Trimdon makes his attempt to join those horses who have won the Gold Cup and, incidentally, £3500 for their owners more than once.

THERE will be, as always, some interesting two-year-olds on view, and I especially want to have another look at Manitoba, the particular star of the Beckhampton stable. Fred Darling thinks highly of this colt, and his good opinion should be justified.

I only hope we shall be spared the thunderstorms which have caused such havoc at the last two meetings, for at Ascot we do need brilliant weather for our complete enjoyment.

THE weather, by the way, has brought out a fine crop of suggestions for saving county cricket, among them a highly complicated scheme put forward by Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet, the originator of the googly, or the "Bosie," as the Australians very properly call the off-break bowled with the leg-break action.

Mr. Bosanquet wishes to divide play into short periods, equally shared by the rival teams, and this is the basis of another proposal which has also aroused some interest. Mr. Bosanquet's plan, to my mind, is altogether too involved, both for players and spectators, but the other scheme, which proposes that two matches instead of one should be played in three days, certainly has its merits. Each match would last one-and-a-half days, and the side leading on the first innings would win, unless each side finished two innings.

THIS might induce more amateurs to play, since they could often spare the time for a shorter match, and it would mean that spectators would be practically assured of some exciting cricket at any period during the three days. There are, however, disadvantages, and although this is the most practicable of all the suggestions so far advanced, in my opinion we should do well to give the weather a chance to redeem itself and draw crowds to the county grounds. Two months of seasonable summer conditions would, without doubt, put cricket on its feet again.

IN the meanwhile, Messrs. T. A. Higson, P. F. Warner, and P. A. Perrin have picked their teams for the Test Trial match which begins on Saturday at Old Trafford. They have done their work well, I think, though I should not say that they form an ideal Selection Committee. Mr. Perrin is a first-rate judge of a cricketer—probably the best judge we have—but Mr. Higson does not give me quite the same confidence. Mr. Warner knows his stuff, of course, and is the kindliest of men, but he is apt to become a little hot and bothered about it all.

An American Hope

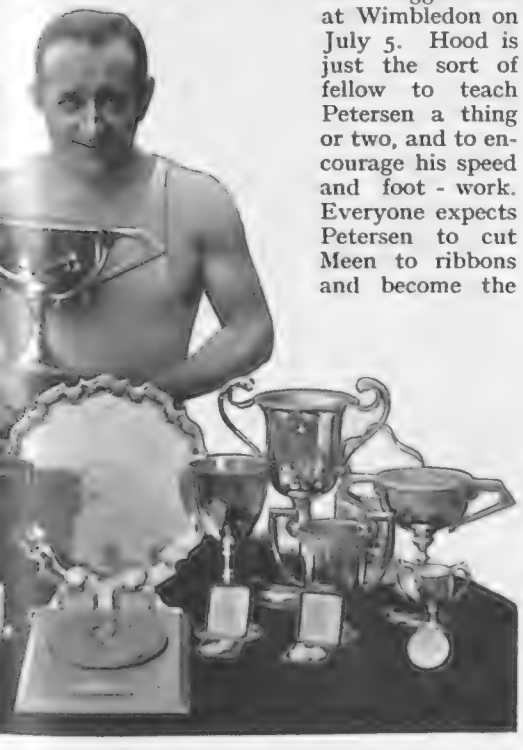
René Lacoste, the ex-Champion lawn-tennis player, with his wife, née Mlle. de la Chaume, who is a first-class golfer, watching the final of the French Championships at the Roland-Garros Stadium. It will be noticed that the blanket-coat of René the player has given place to the uniform of Lacoste the soldier

A Different "Service"

The Selectors, as a matter of fact, are fussing considerably, and they may be heard muttering to themselves a string of names. "Keeton," they mumble; "Keeton, Paynter, Bakewell, Arnold, Wyatt, Jardine, Woolley," and very disturbing it is to listen to them, poor souls!

I AM glad that Jack Petersen has taken on Jack Hood as one of his sparring partners, in preparation for his title-fight with Reggie Meen at Wimbledon on July 5. Hood is just the sort of fellow to teach Petersen a thing or two, and to encourage his speed and foot-work. Everyone expects Petersen to cut Meen to ribbons and become the British heavyweight champion, but we must remember that however dull and unenterprising Meen may be, he is at least extremely strong, while Petersen is still a stripling. I think Petersen will win right enough, but this fight involves a great deal for Meen, who will surely not let his title go without a real struggle.

And now, as I hinted last week, there is a world's title fight in prospect for Larry Gains, the Canadian negro. It is just possible that Max Schmeling, the world's champion, may be persuaded to come to London, and if he does, I shall expect him to dispose of Gains pretty easily.



No Waiting!

TO turn to quieter pursuits, I see that a gentleman in the Midlands has declared his readiness to come south and reduce the numbers of grayling in the chalk-streams. This is a fair offer, and one which I should be prepared to make myself, for although the trout fisherman regards the grayling as a pest, he is a fish very well worth catching. For one thing, a plump grayling is delicious to eat, and for another, he is not altogether easy to catch on the fly, for he has to be struck very much quicker than the trout, and he is often inclined to be pernicketty in his choice of food. Still, with a red worm and fine tackle, he may be enticed, and I propose to have a cut at him myself during the autumn on some grand water not far from Salisbury.

I HEAR, incidentally, that the salmon are running up the Test in phenomenal numbers, and that huge catches are being made near Southampton. A friend of mine had thirteen good fish there in one day, and sixty were taken on his water during the week.

While we are on aquatic subjects, I must say I very much dislike the idea that Mr. Kaye Don should take his gigantic speed-boat to Loch Lomond for an attempt on the world's speed record. It may seem a petty point of view, but there is too much clatter and din in the world to-day, and I detest this tendency to spoil the quietude of our countryside in the mad rush for speed. Wherever we go, motor-bicycles or cars or aeroplanes or speed-boats are barking out their infernal racket, and before long we shall be able to claim the undisputed record of living in the world's noisiest country—a record which is not worth making—or keeping.

THERE has been some criticism of the Lawn Tennis Association Selectors in their choosing of our Wightman Cup team which played the American women last week, but with the material at their command I think that their choice was the best under the circumstances.

IT was an outside chance for any of our women to beat Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody, but Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall gave this super-champion one of the hardest fights which she has ever had on her own ground, and as Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall is liable to rise to greater heights than any other of our singles players, it was indubitably a good selection to make her our No. 1. To play for safety would have been indeed a mug's game. An inspired Eileen might have a chance—others, with less inspiration, had none at all.

THEN, again, Betty Nuthall being dropped from the singles was considered a mistake—even though she withdrew at her own request. Personally, I do not think so, for, apart from the doubles game, Miss Nuthall has hardly been doing herself justice in singles of late. She possesses plenty of strokes, if sometimes rather erratically produced, but she has neither the patience nor the tactics to be the best choice for representative singles.

IT is good news that young Austin has benefited in health by his operation and is showing that his form is in no way impaired by lack of match practice. Austin used to remind me when playing of a beautiful rhythmic machine which was easily put out of action by the tiniest piece of grit. As he is playing now the machine seems more capable of rough wear and the grit is of quite another sort.

CARS with a Personality:

No. 7. A New Triumph Model

The 9 h.p. "Southern Cross"

By

The Earl of Cardigan

The "Southern Cross" tourer has particularly clean and attractive lines. The neat tonneau cover and folding windscreen are ideal for summer motoring

The all-weather equipment is very complete, and a point is that the sporting lines of the car are not impaired when the hood is raised

The wide doors, low build, and absence of running-boards are not only æsthetically attractive, but they also make the car very easy to enter and leave

No body space has been wasted. This compartment, behind the squab of the back seat, is used for housing tools, side screens, and any small articles of luggage

Right: The spring-spoked steering wheel is both attractive and practical. The driving position is comfortable, and the front seats give good leg-room

To anyone who remembers the 9-h.p. cars of a few years ago, the performance which can now be obtained from sports models of this very low power must seem little short of amazing. The "Southern Cross" Triumph is an obvious example. Here is a car, rated at only 8·9-h.p., which is very flexible and possesses a good power output at low speeds, capable of no less than 70 m.p.h. on the open road.

How is it done? The answer, of course, can be summed up in the one word—"Revs." The little engine has an amazing capacity for "revving," and is quite prepared to run at about 500 r.p.m. above what one would expect to be its absolute limit. Moreover, to a very large extent, the high engine speeds involved are not unpleasant or aggressive.

Naturally, it stands to reason that one can not be quite unconscious of machinery which revolves under the bonnet at the rate of, perhaps, five thousand turns per minute. If ample horse-power were available, a much lower engine speed would obviously be preferable. Nevertheless, the Triumph "delivers the goods" in no uncertain manner, and makes relatively little fuss about it.

The ordinary driver, moreover, will not fail to appreciate the practical advantages of high "revs" and low gearing. Gear-changing is seldom necessary, for the top gear has a wide range of speed between 5 and approximately 70 m.p.h. If an indirect gear is required, it will be found that "third" does practically all the work that is called for between a mere crawl and 50 m.p.h.

Good "lines" are another most attractive feature of this little car. Its appearance is thoroughly sporting, without being in any way "flashy" or exaggerated. A small point that I particularly liked was the provision of a tonneau cover—a very useful addition to any open touring car, and one which always looks well.

The driving position is good, and there is a quite exceptional amount of leg-room, so that the driver and front passenger should be able to do long runs in absolute physical comfort. The back-seat passengers are not so well provided for, but the coachwork-designer has unquestionably done the right thing, within the limited space at his disposal, in making two out of the four seats genuinely luxurious, and in resisting the temptation to make all four only moderately so. A space behind the back seat has also been well used to accommodate the tools, side screens, and luggage.

The springing and steering are good, although the latter is not self-centreing, and the car "sits down" well upon the road. The hydraulic braking system is an excellent one, and has the great advantage of being automatically self-adjusting. Altogether, there can be few, if any, cars of this diminutive size and rated horse-power capable of a more thoroughly efficient performance on the open road. At £225 complete, the "Southern Cross" will find no lack of support among owner-drivers.

TOOTH AND CLAW (continued from page 532)

and he never guessed that while she chatted so pleasantly her brain was working overtime. By the time he got up to go, she had the outlines of her plan.

"Mr. Welsh," she said, "I've been thinking. I believe this parcel must have been meant as a surprise Christmas present. Jimmy hasn't said anything, and I expect that's why he had it addressed to the office."

The boy was overcome with confusion. "What a fool I am!" he stammered. "I ought to have thought of that."

"But there's no harm done," she comforted him. "I'm not a baby."

"You mean I'd better push it back into the office and say nothing?"

She affected to consider. "No," she said, "the white ants might get at it. I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll put it away in Jimmy's study and say nothing about it; he'll only think the Post Office peon delivered it here by mistake. But don't say a word to him."

Mr. Welsh, much relieved, vowed silence and departed, and Mrs. Warrender took the parcel into her bedroom and opened it with elaborate care. When she saw the contents she sat down rather suddenly on the bed, and her face was hard; but after a while she pulled herself together, and when she got up to dress for dinner she was smiling quite unaffectedly.

IN India, the cold weather divides itself naturally into before Christmas Week and after Christmas Week, and in the whole year, even including the hot weather, there is no such stagnant period socially as the week before "The Week." Everyone is gathering strength for the coming spate of hunt breakfasts, polo at-homes, dances, paper-chases, and picnics. People come to the usual weekly club dance, of course, because there is nothing else to do, but it is always a dull evening. The women arrive, looking mildly bored, in frocks that everyone knows by heart; they are saving their energies and the new dresses from home for The Week.

In such an atmosphere Mrs. Warrender's arrival caused a sensation, for she had chosen that night of all nights, to put on a dress whose every line cried out Paris. Its colour was the rich, glowing red of the gold mohur tree's flower, and among that crowd of women in shabby frocks she stood out like a Japanese goldfish in a bowl of minnows. The effect on the men was instant; her programme was full before the band struck up for the first extra, and the women, when they got their breath, went out of their way to say: "I like your dress, my dear." But it puzzled them that she had chosen to-night, when Mr. Warrender was still on tour, to preen her beautiful feathers. And her object could not be to impress Mrs. Kent, for that unsuspecting lady had gone down to Bombay to have her hair waved.

"Why didn't you save it for The Week?" asked someone; and Mrs. Warrender smiled. "Jimmy's been very generous," she said. "I can afford to be reckless."

On which the news spread quickly that Mr. Warrender had repented, and that his peace offering had been handsome.

The great week opened, as usual, with the Bachelor's Ball. The first extra was just over when Mrs. Kent, deliberately a little late, made her dramatic appearance. She was pleased with life, and more than pleased with her dress, but even she was slightly surprised at the stir which her entrance created. At first she accepted it as a natural tribute, but after a time it began to seem overdone, and, finally, with a chill at her heart, she detected the note of covert amusement. In similar circumstances a man feels to see if he has forgotten his tie; Mrs. Kent excused herself to her partner and repaired to the ladies' cloak room. Twisting and turning before the mirror, she examined herself critically, but found no flaw. Imagination, she decided at last, and, fortified with fresh powder and lipstick, went back to the ball-room.

The second dance was Mr. Warrender's. "Jimmy," said Mrs. Kent, as she took his arm, "is there anything wrong with me to-night?"

His answer, though fatuous, would have reassured her if she had been listening, but at that moment, across the whole length of the ball-room, her eyes had met Mrs. Warrender's, and her misgivings returned like a thunderclap. No one seeing the look on Mrs. Warrender's face could have doubted that that lady was set for mischief.

Mrs. Kent's hand checked her partner and she stood stock still as Mrs. Warrender slowly crossed the room towards her. Other people were watching. One or two couples left off dancing and frankly stared.

Mrs. Warrender stopped in front of the other woman, and looked her up and down; it was done smilingly, with an air of the friendliest criticism. Then she turned to her husband, and though she did not seem to raise her voice, not a soul in the room missed her remark.

"Jimmy, darling," she said sweetly, "I told you that red dress wouldn't suit poor Kitty. You ought to have let her have my old black."

* * *

No woman could have lived it down. A fortnight later Mrs. Kent succeeded in getting her husband transferred. P. R.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful By "Maquillage"

DO YOU LOOK YOUR BEST IN EVERY COLOUR?

The Newest Cosmetics Enable You To Do So.

THIS question really does involve the art, rather than the science, of being beautiful. The scientific groundwork—that is, the blending and the grouping of pure and protective cosmetics—has been done for you. Just as artists no longer make their own colours, women no longer make their own "toilet recipes"—pomades, fards, and cosmetics. This has been taken over by experts. The art of application still remains in the hands of the artists!

One of the most interesting developments in the decorative art of make-up is the evolution of the *theme* of colouring by one of our most famous beauty specialists.

Women have, until now, been limited by their complexions, or, rather, by their own ideas about their complexions, not only in their clothes, but also in their pursuits and their environment. We have all known and pitied the red-haired woman's dedication to greens, the warm brunette's immuration in browns and nasturtium tints; have suffered from the monotony of seeing our blue-eyed friends continuously in azures, "Nattier" and the ambiguous Saxe blues. Red was, in the past, almost obligatory for the "Southern Type."

One cannot forget the sensation it made a few seasons ago when dark and heavily-tanned women first "showed the world" how vastly white evening frocks became them. Then blondes discovered that they, too, might avail themselves of the beneficial sun-rays, or the sun-tan make-up box, without destroying their æsthetic appeal, and, as the phœnix of cosmetic art rose from the ashes of social inhibitions (it first fluttered its wings in civilised antiquity!), and the scientific manufacture of cosmetics developed,

women learned to study their type, their basic colouring and their features with a new eye. But still the superstition lingered that certain colours could only be worn by women with this or that complexion or tint of hair.

But Fashion has become kaleidoscopic and adores all sorts of colours and combinations. Must a woman be out of fashion because of some accident of pigmentation? Elizabeth Arden emphatically says "No!"

By careful choice and blending of lipsticks, powders, rouges, eye shadows, and eyelash cosmetics a woman may so modify her colouring and enhance it that she can wear *any* colour and always look her best. For the guidance of the less-sophisticated or opinionated Miss Arden has evolved a clever little revolving disc which indicates which "scheme" in her wide range of cosmetics should be adopted by every individual on every occasion.

The more or less universal "sun-burn" make-up has given place to softer, subtler shades and harmonies which still give the appearance of radiant health and youth, which is our aim and which a basically well-cared for complexion makes possible.

DURING recent demonstrations with living models, it was shown that the most unlikely colours could be worn—for instance, a red-haired girl looked ravishing in carmine, a grey-haired woman wore beige with marvellous effectiveness—provided the right cosmetics were used. There are delicious skin tones, warmer than the sunburn tints of the past, which make it easy for even the most "difficult" blues and blueish reds and purples to be worn becomingly without any of the hardening effects these colours were wont to have on fair or rather thin women.

Among the more sensational "make-ups" there is one group for the brunette wearing black or black and white which includes a darkish flesh tint for powder, a choice of rouge in three different depths toning with a vivid lipstick, shading for the lids of blue-green, and black cosmetic for the lashes. And for the red-haired, a lovely dark mat powder, orange rouge, green eye-shade, and a very dark-green cosmetic for the eyelashes. There are also pastel shades for fair women who like to wear light colours—an infinitude of shades to beautify each feature for every type and mood and costume.

It is only those with the personality and environment to carry them off who should plunge for the more bizarre effects, but cleverly applied make-up should not look startling—to be startling is too near to being alarming! But if this clever idea is applied with intelligence and discrimination, the effects that can be achieved help to develop that personality which makes everything possible, by destroying limitations and inhibitions. The beholder will not know, or care, "how it is done," he will be conscious only that his companion is more beautiful, more exotic, and more in harmony with her clothes and her surroundings than she ever was before.

Notes on the Dog Derby

THE provinces and Ireland and Scotland are making a determined bid this year to wrest the Greyhound Derby Cup, which is the blue riband of greyhound-racing, from London. Among the 41 dogs that have been entered for this White City classic are representatives from Belle Vue (Manchester), Ireland, and the White City (Glasgow).

These dogs will be competing against the cream of the most important tracks in the country and thousands of their followers will travel to London on June 25 to cheer them on to victory. The White City will accommodate 100,000 people, mostly under cover, and a record Derby crowd is expected.

THE favourite for the Derby is Future Cutlet, a remarkable dog, who has already beaten Mick the Miller's time over the Derby course in a trial. Although probably the fastest dog that has ever set foot on a track, it is doubtful whether Future Cutlet will ever achieve the fame or popularity of Mick the Miller, for he runs merely with his legs, whereas Mrs. Kempton's famous dog won many of his races largely by means of brainwork.

DESPITE Future Cutlet's impressive record, it must by no means be assumed that he is unbeatable, for only a few days ago Wild Woolley, a young White City dog, broke the world's record, which was previously held by Future Cutlet. If Future Cutlet does lose, no one will be more pleased than the bookmakers, for they stand to lose £50,000 if this dog is first home.

Greyhound Derby Candidates

Delaruan, owned by Mr. H. Farrand and trained by Donoghue, of the White City. Betting: 100 to 1 against

PERHAPS the dog that will prove the most dangerous rival to Future Cutlet is the wonderful Queen of the Rock, from Ireland, whose last-minute entry came somewhat in the nature of a surprise. She is credited with having equalled Future Cutlet's time on her native soil, and consequently is third favourite for the race.

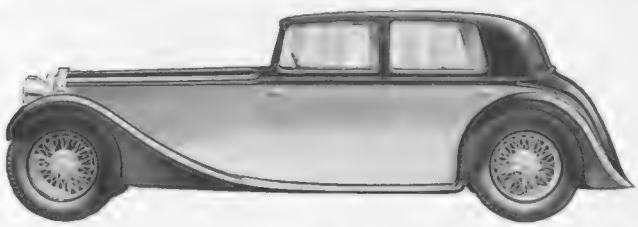
Another dog that is certain to put up a great show is Luath, from the White City (Glasgow), who is undoubtedly one of the fastest on the Scottish tracks. Three weeks ago he was bought by his present owner at a sale for 180 guineas.

The Belle Vue (Manchester) "hopes," both owned by women, are Dee Tern and Elsell, two first-class dogs who have accomplished some remarkable performances in the past.

WITH so many first-class dogs, trained to the minute, competing, it is obviously impossible to suggest which will be the winner. But one thing is certain, the race will be one of the most keenly contested that there has ever been, and there seems little likelihood of it being a one-sided affair. Although the honour of winning the most coveted cup in the dog-racing world is the principal attraction, there is another consideration: the prize-money will amount to £1500—a huge sum to be won in less than half a minute.

Mick's Fancy, owned by Mr. A. K. Lake and trained by Reynolds, of Harringay. The betting last week at the call-over at the White City was 35 to 1 against

ALVIS



CARS

THE NEW "SPEED TWENTY"—*capable of 90 m.p.h. and phenomenal acceleration—a car with a great personality which has to be tried to be appreciated.*

Accelerate to 80 m.p.h. in 32 3/5 seconds . . . . stop from 30 m.p.h. in 25 feet! Cruise for hours on end at 75 m.p.h. and crawl, silently and luxuriously, in top gear at 5 m.p.h. This is the car of which Sir Henry Birkin has written: "I have never driven a more delightful motor-car from every point of view . . . . I can find no fault with the car whatsoever." The Four-Seater Sports Tourer is priced at £695 and the Charlesworth Saloon at £825. Full particulars from

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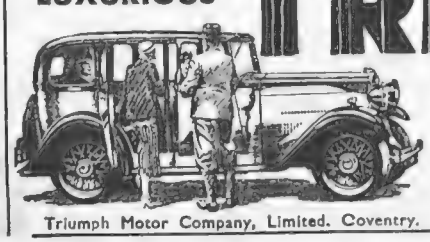
THE LUXURIOUS TRIUMPH



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Performance . . luxury . . comfort . . roominess . . . safety, these are characteristics of the new Triumph "Twelve-Six." Prices are from £198. Other Triumph models from £140. Write for full details.

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres standard.

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Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par, should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

SPORTING PRINTS

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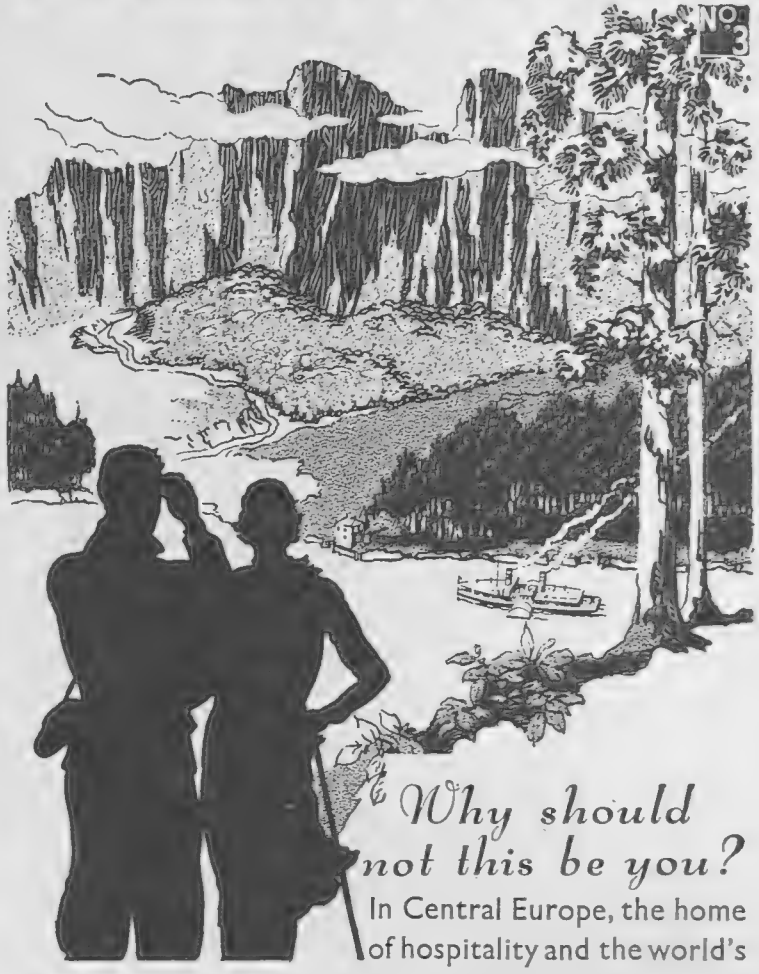

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The Sheep-Killer : By Lady Kitty Ritson

THE question of sheep-killing by dogs is always a very present problem, and just lately there has been a good deal of comment over the case of a retriever dog, near Crewe, which was ordered to be destroyed, as it had chased a lamb and ewe. The lamb had not been found, and the ewe had since died. The Superintendent of Police said that it was a very dangerous thing for a dog to chase sheep in an agricultural county, like Cheshire. The dog was valued at £15, as it was a show dog.

There is no doubt that one's sympathies must always be with the farmer on these occasions, although it must be terrible to be the owner of a beloved dog that has to be destroyed. On the other hand, if a person is really fond of a dog, the chances are that it will not be left to roam the country and therefore get the chance of chasing sheep. If it is out with its master, it should be obedient enough to come to heel when called.

I FIRMLY believe that practically every dog will chase sheep if it gets the chance, unless it has been taught that it is a definite crime to do so. There is something about sheep which makes them irresistible to chase. Even people succumb to the lure of sheep-chasing sometimes, and near Esher the other day, where some sheep had been chased into ditches, the farmer sat up one night with a gun to catch the supposed dog, and found that it was a couple of boys who were doing it. The boys were flogged, so we hope that they will restrain themselves in future.

A shepherd with great experience as a dog-trainer told me that the dog that wouldn't chase sheep would never make a sheep-dog. He said that sheep-herding was only the instinct for chasing subordinated to man's needs, and that if you took a trained sheep-dog away from its legitimate work it would very probably take to sheep-killing. There seems to me to be a great deal of sense in this statement.

Mrs. Greenshields' Airedale, Warland Protector, awarded four first prizes in the Terriers Championship Shows recently held at Ranelagh

I DO think it possible to teach the ordinary dog that it must never look at sheep by taking it, when young, into a field of sheep and making it walk at heel. Get somebody to make the sheep run, and if the dog runs after them, give it the thrashing of its life. The next day go into the field without making it walk at heel, and see what happens. It is more satisfactory if it does run after them, because you can then administer the salutary beating. After three days you should be able to leave it in the field alone with the sheep, but keep where you can see the dog, although you must be hidden.

YOU need either your own sheep or a friendly farmer's co-operation, but the latter is not difficult to get if you offer to pay for any damage done. Of course, you must not choose springtime, when the sheep are either going to lamb, or have young ones. This treatment may not eradicate the desire to chase sheep, but it teaches the dog that it is one of the things that are "tabu."

AFTER all, hanging does not prevent us desiring to murder other people, a habit in which some people may, on occasions, almost legitimately indulge, but it does prevent us doing so, because of consequences, though not in every case.

"Please Help!"

The Royal Veterinary College is appealing for £25,000, which must be obtained if its beneficent work is to continue. Above is one of the drawings given by well-known artists, in support of the appeal to which every animal lover should subscribe

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this New Style Magazine

"Anything to declare."

Mrs. Markham's turn had almost come. Her two suit-cases lay on the broad counter, her two suit-cases most obligingly open. She cast a quick look behind her. Good . . . . Anne Graham had gone on. They'd arranged to meet on the train. Far better so. Even before they got to Calais, the girl had started getting the jumps. . . . She was so terribly afraid the thing wouldn't get through and poor Mrs. Ellis. . . . Mrs. Markham had then spoken very firmly.

"My dear child, you'd spoil everything if you go on in this way."

Now she gripped the damp edge of the counter and straightened her shoulders, comfortably aware that not a single detail about her clothes pointed to her actual metier. A modest tweed coat, a plain felt hat. . . . Everything good and serviceable, worlds away from the shimmering ways of Paris.

"Anything to declare?"

Mrs. Markham looked at the abrupt, tired-eyed official and smiled genially.

"No. . . . I've no other luggage," she glanced politely at the tariff list. "No, nothing to declare.'

"Only foolish people envy the great, the rich, the worldly successes More often than not, behind their impressive and glittering facades, they are worried to death, tired out, oppressed, anxious, driven, desperately unhappy. Look at Clarence Hatry. He used to work fourteen hours a day. He did nothing but work. And to what eventual purpose did he labour and scheme and twist and turn, drive, cajole and plan? To put himself behind bars for fourteen years! He could have got out of the business game with something like a million pounds after rationalising the light-castings industry. But he had to go on and try to swing a £20,000,000 deal and make himself a steel king. He could have thrown in his hand when he found the market breaking, the ice cracking under him—gone broke and have done with it. What prevented him taking this course? Vanity! Hatry must not, could not, fail. So he committed a criminal act much as an office-boy steals from the petty-cash box, hoping and expecting to put it back when the horse comes in. But the horse did not come in—it so seldom does. During the period Hatry was functioning at full blast there was another celebrated young financier busy "playing the piano" with mergers and flotations. He had fourteen lieutenants, but from Monday to Friday he had no time to set foot to earth. It was work all the time, and rushes in trains and cars in all directions. Week-ends he got away to his great country estate. He ran the place on big business lines—bred cattle on a large scale, sold pheasants' eggs by the ten-thousand, developed a tremendous trade, held conferences of his agents and bailiffs. Then the big crash came." . . . You won't want riches when you've read "THIS CRAZY STUFF CALLED GOLD," by C. Patrick Thompson.

GIVEN AWAY with this issue

This beautiful signed portrait of

MARLENE DIETRICH

No other Magazine in the World is quite like it

The man bent down, chalk gleaming palely in his hands. Mrs. Markham's heart gave a triumphant leap—only to sink with a leaden thud. Another official came to a dead level with her still opened suit-cases, shot a keen look at them, then appraised her from head to foot and said brusquely.

"Mrs. Markham? Kindly step this way, Madam." . . .

If you have crossed the Channel you'll find "TRIUMPH," by E. M. Almedingen, a gripping story—a comedy of the Customs in which professional pride went before the decline and fall of an old hand

"CAFE GIRLS" *by James Francis Dwyer*
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"DON'T GET DEPRESSED"
MOTORING, *conducted by the Earl of Cardigan*

THE JUNE ISSUE OF

BRITANNIA AND EVE

THE EDITOR'S BOX

An Opportunity for Anglers

In that sporting and fishing paradise—New Brunswick, Canada, there are still available some ten to twenty Ten Years' Angling Leases costing from as little as £25 or so per annum to £250. These are Provincial Government-granted leases, and apply to long stretches of lovely rivers and beautifully situated lakes which offer an unsurpassed range of angling. These waters simply teem with trout of different varieties, bass, Atlantic silver salmon, land-locked salmon, sea trout, and other game fish. For parties of anglers forming syndicates to select and take over such of these leases as may suit them every facility can be secured with ease and at moderate cost in this ideal country for the angling enthusiast. The fishing season is from April to October. Provincial regulations are framed on generous lines for visiting anglers' enjoyment. Climate and conditions of sporting holiday life are full of invigorating delight. Further particulars of the fishing leases still available through the Provincial Government, and suggested plans and estimates for angling and recreational outings in this entrancing district may be arranged for through the Canadian Pacific, 62–65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1, who maintain a Bureau of Service and Information especially for those interested in hunting or fishing holidays, or both, in Canada.

Simple but Characteristic

A Bechstein piano with a case built of walnut in the style of "William and Mary"

The Bernhard Baron Charities Fund

Persistent rumours that the Trustees of the Bernhard Baron Charities Fund are finding it difficult to pay the bequests were denied by Sir Louis Baron recently.

In his will, Mr. Bernhard Baron set up this fund in addition to the Charitable Trust of half a million which he formed about eleven months before he died.

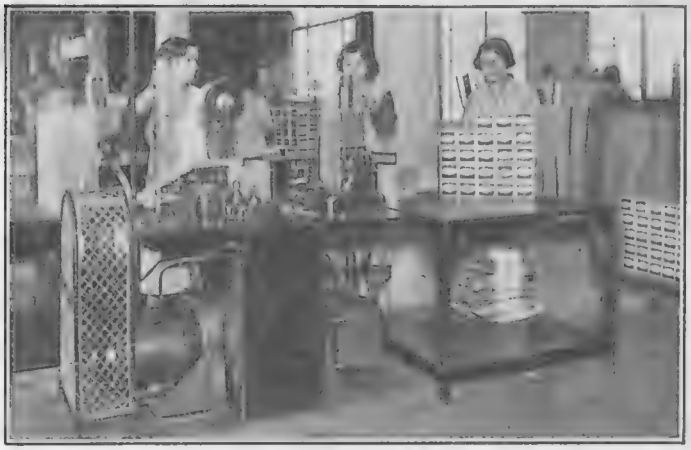
Sir Louis Baron, one of the Trustees, and the son of Mr. Bernhard Baron, makes the following statement:

"I know that it has been said that death duties swallowed up the estate. Actually, there has never been the least difficulty in meeting our obligations in connection with my father's estate. The death duties, amounting to more than £2,000,000, were, with the exception of a very small amount relating to items left over for special valuation, all paid within a few weeks of my father's death, and all outstanding matters were settled with the Inland Revenue Department within a year. It is to be distributed over a period of twenty years, and including the £65,000 specific charitable gifts made by the will, the Trustees have made grants amounting to £185,000, the larger proportion of which have already been paid in full, the others being payable over a period of five years."

Grants have been paid in full to the following charities:—Royal Sussex County Hospital (£5,000); St. Paul's Hospital (£500); Dockland Settlement (£1,282); and the Nantyglo and Blaina Hospital (£500).

£15,000 has also been paid in full to the Bernhard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement, and £2,000 in full to the Manchester Victoria Memorial Jewish Hospital.

In addition, amounts totalling £19,000 have already been paid on account of promises to the Middlesex Hospital, London Hospital, Manor House Orthopædic Hospital, Violet Melchett Infant Welfare Centre, Sun Babies' Day Nursery, Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, Poplar Hospital, Papworth Village Settlement for Tuberculous Sufferers, and the London Jewish Hospital. All these will have received the full amount of their grants within a period of five years.



A million cigarettes a day can be wrapped by this ingenious machine. The photograph shows Craven "A" Cigarettes being wrapped in weather-proof Cellophane, which maintains cigarette freshness under any climatic conditions. A scene in Carreras' huge factory

A World-Conqueror

The joy of a pianist in owning or playing on a Bechstein piano is only comparable to the feelings of a violinist who handles a violin by Stradivarius. Since Carl Bechstein founded his great business in 1826, up to the present day, when his son, Carl, carries on the tradition of the house, musicians have sung the praises of these instruments. Liszt, Greig, Joachim and Wagner, Bruno Walter, Schnabel, Pachmann, Moskowski are only a few of the many world-famous pianists who have used Bechsteins. Perhaps the highest praise of all was given by Frederick Lamond when he said: "Bechstein is the peaceful Conqueror of the World."

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

DÎNER

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* * *

CRÊME D'ASPERGES

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COQUILLE DE HOMARD

* * *

GRENADINS DE BŒUF
POMMES NOUVELLES

* * *

SALADE AUX ANANAS

* * *

CRÊME DE CAFÉ

* * *

AIGRETTES DES ANCHOIS

* * *

CAFÉ DESSERT

Crême d'Asperges

CUT in inch lengths, after well washing, twenty-five heads of asparagus. Boil till tender and then put aside the heads. Rub the remainder through a sieve, and return to the water in which boiled. Heat a pint of milk and thicken it with 1 oz. of butter and 1 oz. of flour, well mixed. Cook for ten minutes, stirring frequently. Add the asparagus pulp, season with salt and pepper, bring to the boil, and add some cream and the heads of the asparagus before serving.

Coquille de Homard

TAKE a medium-sized lobster, an ounce of butter, juice of half a lemon, a pinch each of pepper and salt, a tablespoonful of fresh white breadcrumbs. Cut the lobster in half, and lightly butter the two shells. Cut the meat into dice and mix it quickly with half the quantity of butter, lemon juice, and seasoning. Fill the shells with the mixture, adding a thin layer of breadcrumbs and the rest of the butter in tiny dabs. Bake in rather a sharp oven for about ten minutes, until lightly browned, and serve very hot.

Grenadins de Bœuf

CUT some fillets of beef in rounds about an inch thick, fry them quickly in a sauté-pan. Have ready some rounds of fried bread, the same size as the fillets. Place a fillet on each, then a cooked mushroom on top. Place the fillets on a mound of peas, and serve with a thick gravy.

Salade aux Ananas

CUT as many slices of pineapple as required and put them in a salad-bowl. Place on each slice two or three sections of orange, and fill the centre with finely-shredded lettuce and cut-up tomato. Pour over the centre about a dessert-spoonful of mayonnaise sauce, then cover with some whipped cream, seasoned with a little pepper and salt, and serve.

Aigrettes des Anchois

SEASON some fillets of anchovies with salad oil, cayenne pepper, and chopped parsley, and let them stand for half an hour. Fry the fillets in boiling fat till a golden brown. Drain on paper, and serve piled on a paper d'oyley. Garnish with fresh parsley.

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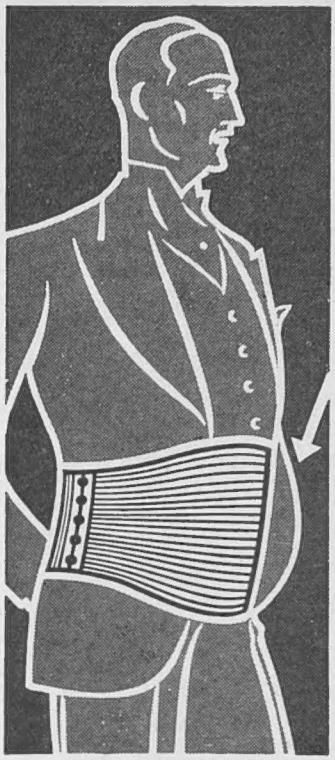

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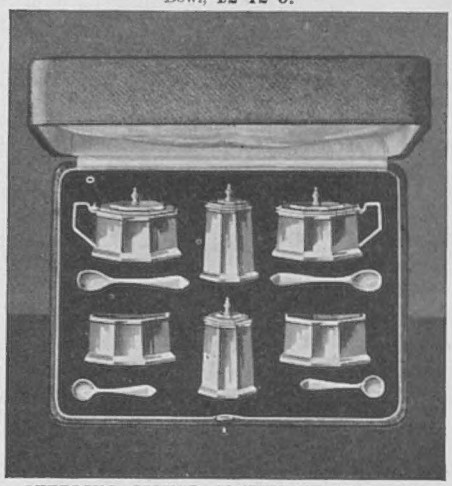

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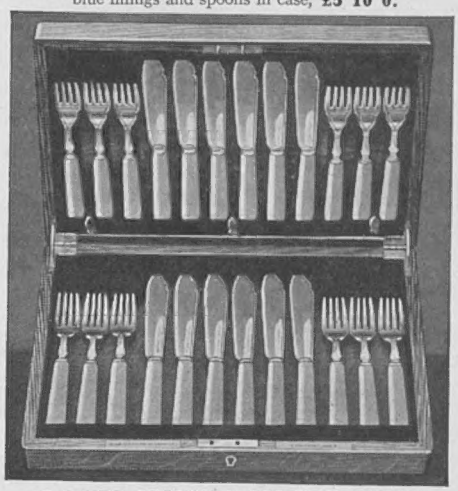

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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

A Swindle that didn't succeed

1844:—"If Peel's[1] allegations concerning Running Rein[2] be well founded, then Wood[3] is surely guilty of ye greatest fraud ever attempted. And what wth ye laming of Ratan, and ye death of Crockford,[4] there has been little of sport or pleasure in this Derby. If Orlando[5] be eventually declared ye winner I shall have some £500 owing to me, tho that ye legs[6] will be chary of making payment I do not doubt."

1. Colonel Peel, owner of Orlando.
2. Finished first in the Derby of 1844, but was afterwards disqualified.
3. Mr. Anthony Wood, owner of Running Rein.
4. Owner of Ratan.
5. Winner of the Derby in 1844.
6. Period slang for bookmakers.

Sir Edward: "Interesting that. The Derby of 1844 must be the most sensational race in history."

Lady Angela: "But what happened? He doesn't make it very clear."

Sir Edward: "I read a full account of it the other day. *Running Rein* was proved, after having won the Derby, to be a four-year-old, so of course he was disqualified. It was a very ingenious swindle which didn't quite succeed. *Ratan*, which was second favourite at 3 to 1, was 'got at' in spite of every precaution, and that broke Crockford's heart; he died two days later. The race was finally awarded to *Orlando*, which finished second."

Lady Angela: "A four-year-old in the Derby! I wouldn't have thought it possible."

Sir Edward: "It wouldn't be now. The Stewards are far too wide awake. As a matter of fact there was another four-year-old in that Derby named *Leander*; but he got kicked at the post, and had to be shot."

Lady Angela: "And I suppose those who backed *Orlando* received their money?"

Sir Edward: "Well, they were entitled to it, but I expect some of them had a lot of trouble to get it."

Lady Angela: "How so?"

Sir Edward: "Because an affair of that kind gives plenty of loopholes for a none-too-scrupulous bookie. And backers in 1844 were denied the pleasure of dealing with an institution like the *House of Stuart*."

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2